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HORACE HOWARD FURNESS.

The tie that binds into one people the various sections of the English-speaking world, creating a fundamental spiritual unity out of many diverse manifestations of thought and conduct, is their common speech, and the common literature in which their racial ideals have found expression. This it is which has set them in the vanguard of modern civilization, and made them the fount of vivifying and compelling ideas upon the highest of human concerns, the leaders of the world's thought in matters of religion, ethics, and political contrivance. It is one aspect of this general truth which Wordsworth so finely expressed in the lines:

> "We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
> That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
> Which Milton held,"

and other aspects of the same truth will readily suggest themselves to the reflective mind. In the plays of Shakespeare and the Authorized Version of the Bible we who are of English origin can boast possessions of richer value than are to be found in the literature of any other modern people, and should any branch of the English race forget to prize them at their true worth, or cease to hold them as inestimable treasures, such a lapse would be an ominous mark of spiritual decline, and of the breaking up of a solidarity as significant for the modern world as that of the Roman genius was for the world of antiquity.

There are signs that in this country we are losing our hold upon the English Bible, but Shakespeare seems still to keep a secure place in our thought. Speaking of educational programmes, Sir Sidney Lee the other day urged the paramount importance of teaching Shakespeare in every school and college, no matter what else might or might not be taught. We are still reasonably faithful in following this prescription, although our schools show an alarming drift away from humanism into the bog of practicality in their chase of the "vocational" will o' the wisp. Our national record of devotion to Shakespeare is fairly creditable, all things considered. The puritan blight prevented his benign influence from making itself felt in our consciousness until something like a century ago, but when we found our way to him we took him

to our heart. The accomplished scholarship of Verplanck, Hudson, and Richard Grant White was applied to his exposition and elucidation, and such men as Emerson and Lowell paid him their tribute of belletristic appreciation. The greenest laurels of the American stage are those which have graced the brows of his interpreters. On the other side of the shield (but equally showing the extent to which he has occupied our minds), we may instance Whitman's rejection of him as the poet of "feudalism," and the perverse ingenuity of the adherents of the Baconian delusion (cradled in this country),—of all mare's-nests surely the most extraordinary to be found in the annals of human aberration. At the present day, the world of Shakespeare is busily explored by many thousands of school children and college students, and edition after edition of the plays come from the American press. Finally, it is to the researches of the American Professor Wallace that we owe the most important of recent contributions to our knowledge of the poet's life.

These reflections are occasioned by the necessity for recording the death of our most distinguished Shakespearean scholar, Dr. Horace Howard Furness, who passed away on the thirteenth of August, at the age of seventy-eight. A son of William Henry Furness, the famous Unitarian divine, Emerson's contemporary and friend, he was born in Philadelphia November 2, 1833. Graduated from Harvard in 1854, he numbered among his classmates Charles Russell Lowell, General John W. Ames, Bishop W. S. Perry, Professor Truman H. Safford, and many other distinguished men. A period of European travel followed, and then he returned to take up the study of law in his native city. He was admitted to the bar in 1859, and the next year opened an office for the practice of law. He was eager to enter the army, but was prevented by the deafness which was to cut him off in such large measure from human intercourse for the rest of his life, and to make possible that concentration upon scholarly pursuits to which he was to owe his fame. He was by no means wholly removed from the affairs of men, and took a leading part in the relief work of the army and in the organization of the sanitary commission, besides carrying on his law business for some years. He was married in 1860, and became the father of three children, all of whom have become distinguished. In his later years, he was the recipient of many honors, American and foreign, including the presidency of the German Shakespeare Society, and membership in the American Academy of Arts and Letters. For the last half century, his life has been typically that of the scholar, tempered by sufficient outside interests to give it a pleasing variety; and working quietly in his library, he has accomplished the monumental work to which he owes his fame.

"I 've acted merely as a pair of scissors" was his own modest description of that work, of which he further spoke as "serving excellently to keep an old fellow out of mischief." The world has taken it more seriously than that, and America points to it with pride as one of her greatest contributions to culture. His love of Shakespeare dated from his childhood. "I was a boy in my teens," he said, "when I first heard Mrs. Kemble read Shakespeare, and from that moment I belonged to Shakespeare." As early as 1850, he made a special study of "Hamlet," collecting and collating for his own use the views of the earlier commentators, thus foreshadowing the plan which he was later to apply to the production of the great "Variorum" Shakespeare. The work gradually took shape in his mind, but he spent a score of years in study and the collection of materials before he was ready to publish his first volume. That volume was the "Romeo and Juliet" of 1871, followed by "Macbeth" in 1873, "Hamlet" in 1877, "King Lear" in 1880, "Othello" in 1886, "The Merchant of Venice" in 1888, "As You Like It" in 1890, "The Tempest" in 1892, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in 1895, "The Winter's Tale" in 1898, "Much Ado about Nothing" in 1899, "Twelfth Night" in 1901, "Love's Labour's Lost," in 1904, and "Anthony and Cleopatra" in 1907. The "Variorum" Shakespeare, as it now stands, consists of these fourteen plays, together with the "Richard III." of 1908, edited by Mr. H. H. Furness, Jr. The son, for some years past trained to collaborate with the father, may be trusted to carry on the work upon the same plan and in the same spirit. Let us trust that a descendant in the third generation will be ready to complete it fifty years from now. The volumes which we already have are marvels of exhaustive scholarship and models of conservative critical judgment. The task of reading all that has been written about even a single play of Shakespeare, of weighing it all and selecting what is worth preserving, and then presenting this sifted residuum in orderly arrangement, would seem to be a fair work for a lifetime. But Dr. Furness did this fourteen times over, and with an intelligence, an authority, and a nicety of judgment that are likely to be the despair of

generations of scholars to come. It was a colossal achievement, and is not matched by many, either in this country or in any other.

Dr. Felix Schelling, who knew him well, thus writes of him in "The Nation":

"Horace Howard Furness was an old-fashioned scholar, and an old-fashioned man. He recalled at all times that leisure is an essential of sound scholarship, not leisure to dawdle, but leisure to do what is to be done wholly and completely no matter what the time involved, leisure to read, to know, to be infinitely more than the narrow specialist, digging one ditch in oblivion of the world about and the sky above. His was the old-fashioned courtesy that has time to remember trifles and to be kindly to unconsidered persons. . . . I have never seen him angry save where some act of oppression or ungenerosity was in question and then his indignation knew no bounds. For the arrogance of petty scholarships he had an amused smile; for even small, if genuine, accomplishment an ungrudging and instant recognition. His affections were always on the side of justice."

This personal tribute fitly supplements the estimate of Dr. Furness's scholarship; for those who were privileged to know him, or even to hear him upon the rare occasions when he was persuaded to read in public from his beloved poet, got an impression of a personality which overshadowed even his immense reputation for learning—the personality of a kindly, genial, and benignant spirit.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE GENIAL MANNER OF A GREAT SHAKESPEARE SCHOLAR may do more to promote the study of "Hamlet" and "Othello" and all the rest of the imperishable thirty-seven plays (if that is the exact number) than will be accomplished by any amount of learning and critical acumen displayed in editorial prefaces and notes. But Dr. Horace Howard Furness, whose recent death in his seventy-ninth year is cause for deep regret, had both erudition and charm. Those who were privileged to know him in life can never forget the cheer and inspiration of his presence; those who have heard his public readings of his favorite poet will bear witness that they have carried thence a wonderfully quickened appreciation of Shakespeare's genius; and those who have read his commentaries (or any random passages of them) on the fourteen plays that came from his editorial hand in the great Variorum Edition now left in charge of the son, cannot have failed to find a new and perhaps unexpected delight in those bugbears of the impatient, introductions and footnotes. Unfortunately, the price of the Variorum volumes is such as to have rendered their popular purchase impossible, and not even all public libraries possess them; and where the library does own them they are not seldom withheld from free circulation. Consequently many readers who would have enjoyed them have not yet had a taste of their fine quality. This may be a fitting occasion for giving a specimen of Dr. Furness's art as Shakespeare-interpreter—chosen from the last volume that bore his name as editor, the "Antony and Cleopatra." Commenting upon the excessive ingenuity of some Shakespeare scholars, he exclaims, "Much learning has made us mad!"—and then continues: "Even with more reason than in Cæsar's character, is it necessary that we should accept Cleopatra, at Shakespeare's hands, with minds unbiased by history. We should know no more of her than we hear on the stage. Of her past, of her salad days, we should know nothing but what we are told. The first words that she and Anthony utter tell of boundless, illimitable love, and this love is maintained to the last throb of life in each of them. . . . Even in the scene with Cæsar's ambassador, Thidias, who comes to Cleopatra with overtures of peace and favour on condition that she will give up Anthony, we knowing ones, crammed with history as pigeons are with peas, tip each other the wink and lay our fingers on our shrewd noses at Cleopatra's evident treachery when she sends word that she kisses Cæsar's conquering hand, and kneels, with her crown, at his feet. But those who read the Queen only by the light thrown by Shakespeare, see clearly enough that at this lowest ebb of Anthony's fortunes this was the only course she could prudently take; to gain time for him she must temporise with Cæsar." Has it ever before been Shakespeare's lot to fall into the hands of so richly appreciative an editor, an editor so gifted with insight and humor and interpretative skill? . . .

ARTISTIC DETACHMENT, or sufficient severance of self from the product of one's pen (or brush, or chisel, as the case may be) to enable one to attain the impersonal standpoint and to view with equal calm both praise and censure of one's work, can only come with entire and unselfish devotion to art. In literary squabbles, of which the history of literature is full, are to be found many striking examples of the inartistic attitude, the grievous lack of artistic detachment. When Poggio Fiorentino and Georgios Trapezuntios fell out (as we read of their doing in Symonds's "Renaissance in Italy") over Poggio's translations from Diodorus and Xenophon, the two mighty scholars allowed their personal feelings to get terribly tangled up with what was at first a purely literary question. The Florentine seems first to have lost his temper. "You lie in your throat!" he shrieked in an apoplexy of passion, whereupon the Greek boxed his ears; then Poggio caught Georgios by the hair, and the two learned professors fell to pommelling each other until they were separated by their respective pupils. In what delightful contrast to this stands, for example, Mr. A. C. Benson's urbane attitude toward certain outrageously harsh critics of his "Beside Still Waters"! It is in a later book ("At Large") that he ventures to offer a few remarks in reply. His unfailing good humor, even when he indulges in a little gentle sarcasm, is admir-

able. The passage is no longer brand-new, but is still worth quoting, even at some length. "The book was carefully enough written," says Mr. Benson, "and I have been a good deal surprised to find that it has met with considerable disapproval, and even derision, on the part of many reviewers. It has been called morbid and indolent, and decadent, and half-a-hundred more ugly adjectives. Now I do not for an instant question the right of a single one of these conscientious persons to form whatever opinion they like about my book, and to express it in any terms they like. . . . I do not dispute the possibility of their being perfectly right. An artist who exhibits his paintings, or a writer who publishes his books, challenges the criticism of the public; and I am quite sure that the reviewers who frankly dislike my book, and said so plainly, thought they were doing their duty to the public, and warning them against teaching which they believed to be insidious and even immoral. I honour them for doing this, and I applaud them, especially if they did violence to their own feelings of courtesy and urbanity in doing so." And after another half-page in similar vein, he concludes: "I have no intention of trying to refute or convince my critics, and I beg them with all my heart to say what they think about my books, because only by the frank interchange of ideas can we arrive at the truth." On paper, this sort of thing may look easy enough; but when it is one's own skin that is pricked the situation assumes a different complexion and one is more inclined to play the part of a Poggio than of a dispassionate lover of truth.

* * *

MEREDITH AND HIS MUSE, or, better, Meredith's attitude toward his muse, will engage the interest of those readers of his letters (now appearing, in selections, in "Scribner's Magazine") who care for something besides mere personalities in literature of this sort. His first love, poetry, was for obvious reasons often forced to give place to prose. In a letter of 1861 to the Rev. Augustus Jessopp he says: "As to my love for the Muse, I really think that is earnest enough. I have all my life done battle in her behalf, and should, at one time, have felt no blessing to be equal to the liberty to serve her. Praise sings strangely in my ears. I have been virtually propelled into a practical turn, by the lack of encouragement for any other save practical work." And a few years later to the same confidant: "As to the Poems: I don't think the age prosaic for not buying them. A man who hopes to be popular, must think from the mass, and as the heart of the mass. If he follows out vagaries of his own brain, he cannot hope for general esteem; and he does smaller work." Further on in the same letter: "Between realism and idealism there is no natural conflict. This completes that. Realism is the basis of good composition: it implies study, observation, artistic power, and (in those who can do more) humility. Little writers should be realistic. They would then at least do solid work. They afflict the world because they will attempt what it is given to none but noble workmen to achieve. A great genius must necessarily employ ideal means, for a vast conception cannot be placed bodily before the eye, and remains to be suggested. Idealism is an atmosphere whose effects of grandeur are wrought out through a series of illusions, that are illusions to the sense within us only when divorced from the groundwork of the real. Need there be exclusion, the one of the other? The artist is incomplete who does this. Men to whom I bow my head (Shakespeare, Goethe; and in their way, Molière, Cervantes) are Realists *au fond*. But they have the broad arms of Idealism at command. They give us earth, but it is earth with an atmosphere. One may find as much amusement in a Kaleidoscope as in a merely idealistic writer; and, just as sound prose is of more worth than pretentious poetry, I hold the man who gives a plain wall of fact higher in esteem than one who is constantly shuffling the clouds and dealing with airy, delicate sentimentalities, headless and tailless imaginings, despising our good, plain strength."

* * *

THE TENTH INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF THE HISTORY OF ART will be held this autumn — some time in October, one infers from published announcements — in the halls of the Royal Accademia de' Lincei in the Palazzo Corsini, Rome. It is expected that the papers to be read will interest not only artists and students of art history, but also those who concern themselves with the spread of art instruction in universities and schools generally. Papers and discussions will be grouped under four heads: 1. The history of early Christian and mediæval art to the end of the fourteenth century. 2. The fifteenth century. 3. The history of art from the sixteenth century to the present time. 4. Historico-artistic methodology; care of works of art; historical researches in technical methods; general organization of the work of the congresses. In languages allowed, it will be a penteglot conference, Italian, French, German, English, and Spanish being the permitted tongues. Of especial interest to librarians, and to others who give their attention to the literature of art, will be four expositions to be held in connection with the Congress,— of photographic reproductions in one or more colors for the illustration of works on art history; of Italian periodicals, whether in course of publication or not, on the history of art; of publications not on the market, such as catalogues of private collections and sale catalogues; and, finally, of kinds of paper adapted for use in histories of art, such as insure, that is, durability and neatness of photographic reproductions. Reductions in railway fares and free entrance to all government and municipal museums and galleries for the whole month of October are promised to members of the Congress, subscription to which is twenty-five francs, or, to ladies accompanying a member, ten francs. Communications from those desiring to read papers, and from other would-be attendants, are invited by the executive committee, whose secretary is Signor Roberto Papini, Via Fabio Massimo 60, Rome.

THE AMAZINGLY PROLIFIC "IBID," to whom we see more works attributed (in the footnotes of every third book we take up) than are now ascribed to Bacon by even the most zealous Baconian, has caused one of our correspondents so much bewilderment and such fruitless searching of biographical dictionaries and histories of literature that she appeals through us for any information concerning him that any of our readers may be able to furnish. She says in her letter: "Some one told me one day, with a quizzical look which I could not understand, that Ibid was a half-brother to the Vide sisters — Vide Supra and Vide Infra; but that didn't help me much, since these same Misses Vide have caused me hardly less perplexity than has Ibid himself. Another informant assured me that 'Ibid' was not a real name, but the pseudonym of Op Cit, who was a Chinese (or was it Siamese?) sage of the fortieth century B. C., and great-grandfather of the almost equally famous Loc Cit. But why don't the reference books tell us something about him? Can you tell me whether there is any uniform and not too expensive edition of his works, and if so by whom it is published?" Pending more definite information, our correspondent will perhaps be glad to learn that she has companions in her perplexity. Not long ago a Columbia student approached Miss Mendenhall, of the New York Public Library, with just the same wrinkle in his forehead that ruffles our fair correspondent's brow. Miss Mendenhall relates the incident in "New York Libraries." She says: "The other day a student from Columbia came into the library for help on a list of references in history which he was to read before writing a thesis [for a doctor's degree?]. He said, 'I have found most of the books in the Columbia library, but there is one author I can't find anywhere, and I have spent a good deal of time looking. He has a strange name and I have never heard of him as a historian, but he has written a good many of the books on my list; his name is "Ibid."'" Strange that there should be such a conspiracy of silence concerning this able and eminent author.

* * *

AN ENVIABLE READER, a reader with vision so quick, with retina of the eye so receptive, as to be able to take in a whole page at a glance, and with a memory capable of holding and repeating all that is read, is made the subject of an article in the "Journal of the American Medical Association" by Dr. George M. Gould, whose writings on eye-strain, as well as on Lafcadio Hearn and other topics, have made him well known in the book-world. The reader he now describes is certainly of the sort to which most of us would like to belong in this age of more books, more really good books, than one can find time to do more than glance at. But that glance would suffice if one were like Dr. Gould's "Mr. C.," who is said to be able to read several books at a sitting and to repeat without error all that he has read. Fond of poetry and novels, what a banquet of books he must have as he sits before his cheerful fire — or steam radiator — of a winter's evening! As to Mr. C.'s peculiar eye-structure, it appears that some time in middle life he suffered a destruction of the central or "macular" portion of the retina of the right eye from inflammation due to eye-strain. The "fixing" part, that is, of the retina was obliterated, and a round blind space was left. The other eye remained unaffected, and the patient continued to enjoy something like normal vision, until "by long, unconscious and forced exercise, the healthy zone of the right retina surrounding the macular was educated to such a degree that it could, when unmoved, receive and transmit to the brain the image of the entire page, except that part falling upon the central portion, which had been destroyed," but which, of course, was helped out by the undiseased left eye. Here, then, is indicated a means whereby anyone might, perhaps, become a reader of more than Macaulayesque rapidity — if he chooses to submit to a little doctoring of one eye and to educate that eye in the proper manner afterward.

* * *

A "CLASSICAL FOUNDATION" AS A "PRACTICAL EQUIPMENT FOR LIFE'S JOURNEY" may to the "practical" man sound too absurd even to laugh at. And yet so strenuously active and wide-awake and unvisionary a person as Mr. James O. Fagan, railroad man, telegraph operator, traveller in two hemispheres, and "self-made" (as the saying goes) from boyhood, deliberately acknowledges his supreme indebtedness to classical study as the groundwork of his training for the work he was to find to do in the world. In the August instalment of his "Autobiography of an Individualist" in "The Atlantic Monthly," dwelling on that part of his storm-and-stress period that was passed at East Deerfield, Massachusetts, he says: "In presenting an argument, stating a case, or pleading a cause, other things being equal, I always attributed my intellectual advantage to the fact that in my youth I had received a thorough drilling in Latin and Greek, while my companions as a rule, in my line of life, had not. As a simple practical equipment for life's journey, what may be called my classical foundation seems to me now to be worth all the other features of my school education put together." Readers of Mr. Fagan's variously interesting and color-abounding chapters may thank fortune that his boyhood antedated the vocational school and the era of industrial training.

* * *

A PROBLEM IN TRANSLATION that in all likelihood will never be satisfactorily solved has been attacked afresh by an English aspirant to honors in the field of Bible literature. Sir Edward Clarke, an eminent barrister whose serious hours have been spent "in endeavouring to put logical thought into clear, forcible, and harmonious language," regards this training as one qualifying him to render with precision and grace the Epistles of St. Paul. Retaining, as he has tried to, the virtues of both the Authorized Version of 1611 and the Revised Version of 1881, and avoiding their vices, he has produced a hybrid that can hardly fail to displease both those who cling fondly

to the familiar King James phraseology and those few who ask for a thoroughly modern style in their English Bible. Meanwhile the whole question at issue is well discussed by Mr. Ernest E. Kellett, a schoolmaster and a student of literature, in a "London Quarterly Review" article entitled "The Translation of the New Testament," which scores a good point in calling attention to the substantial inaccuracy that often accompanies a slavishly literal rendering of a work in an alien tongue, and that does in many instances mar both the Authorized Version of our Bible and all versions that, like the Revised, are based upon it. Another point of Mr. Kellett's is that the archaic style of both these versions, while generally appropriate to the Old Testament, is not the manner suited to the New, which is written in a dialect of Greek that was the vernacular of the time and place of writing — as, it is claimed, certain recently discovered Egyptian papyri have proved. Yet, after all is said, it will be long before the ear will receive willingly any conspicuously modern idioms in the Gospels, or, indeed, elsewhere in the Bible. A modernized version of Shakespeare would not elicit more vehement protest.

* * *

"AN EPOCH OF SOLEMN AND INSANE TRIFLING" is what ours is declared to be by the diverting and fertile author of "Tremendous Trifles," "The Man Who was Thursday," "All Things Considered," and sundry other books. In this epoch, to which our brilliant paradoxologist must, chronologically at least, be said to belong, the late Andrew Lang, he goes on to remark (in his Lang obituary in "The Illustrated London News"), labored under three disadvantages: he was universal, he was amusing, and he was lucid. As to universality, a quality less valued and understood now than in Queen Elizabeth's time, he proceeds to say, in true Chestertonian vein: "It would be useless, I suppose, to tell the modern critics that a man cannot really be interested in Homer without being a little interested in Chinese teapots. It would be called paradoxical to say that every man who really thinks about the Stuarts must sometimes think about Spiritualism. . . . Folklore and fishing are really very near each other, both in the deeper mysteries of nature and the superficial developments of lying." What a quantity of hitherto unsuspected resemblances and differences we should have gone to our graves without knowing anything about, had not Mr. Chesterton been sent in the nick of time to point them out! After reading him, who is there but must feel, with Stevenson, that in a world so full of a number of things we all of us ought to be happy as kings?

* * *

A NEW LIBRARY BUILDING FOR HARVARD has at last been provided through the generosity of Mrs. George D. Widener of Philadelphia, mother of the late Henry E. Widener who with his father went down in the sinking of the Titanic last April, and whose bequest of his valuable library to the university from which he was graduated five years ago is already well known. One of the conditions of that bequest, it will be recalled, was that proper housing and care of the bequeathed library should not be lacking; and this condition is now fulfilled by the testator's mother, who will make the long-needed building a worthy memorial to her son by expending two million dollars, if necessary, in its erection. Already the architects and the university authorities have consulted together over the location and general plan of the new building, and a site has been fixed upon extending from the present library southward. Mr. Horace Trumbauer, architect to the Widener family, is said to have been commissioned to draw the plans. And thus Harvard's most urgent need — in fact, the most urgent need one could point to in the whole library world — after years of weary waiting is to be adequately, even magnificently, met.

* * *

THE DEATH OF JOHANN MARTIN SCHLEYER is announced by recent despatches from Constance; and so from this Babel of multitudinous tongues is removed the enthusiastic linguist who, a third of a century ago, conceived in one sleepless night the general outlines of what he hoped would prove a universal medium of communication, binding all nations in a linguistic brotherhood. And, indeed, Volapük did make rather astonishing headway at first, its grammar being translated into thirty-five languages, and its literary use extending into the magazine field until twenty-five periodicals could be pointed to as printed in this wonderful *Weltsprache*. But Schleyer was not allowed to enjoy a monopoly in this tempting domain of world-language-making, and to-day the most vigorous rival of Volapük, Esperanto, seems to have far outdistanced its senior competitor, and indeed all its competitors. Schleyer was a German of the Germans, an ardent philologist, the master of an incredible number of languages, and the translator of his own grammar into most if not all of the thirty-five in which it was printed. That all his work should have turned out to be as the digging of holes in the sand on the seashore, is little short of pathetic.

CERTAIN DEVELOPMENTS IN MODERN ENGLISH JOURNALISM.

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

London, August 14, 1912.

Since I first began to write for a living (it is more years ago now than I care to set down in print), a good many changes have overtaken the London journalist. Time was, in the early nineties, when the editor of a big daily made something of a figure in the land. He was the Editor: that was enough. When the brilliant amateur (myself for example) had an idea for a series of bright and epoch-making articles, it was into the Editor's more or less receptive ear that he poured his tale. True, that gentleman was not always very accessible: even now, with his glory so sadly shorn, he occasionally thinks it good for the aspirant's health to

keep him waiting half an hour or more in an outer room before admitting him into the majesty of the Presence; but at all events, in those days, he was in command. He could do things on his own responsibility.

I forget who it was who made the astounding discovery that the important man on a daily paper was not the editor but the business manager. Possibly the business manager discovered it himself; no doubt he had long suspected it, and doubt became certainty when he beheld the remarkable influence wielded by the late Mr. Moberley Bell, then manager of "The Times." For many years that remarkable man controlled the destinies of what we used to consider the first newspaper in the world; and seeing the success with which he conducted its affairs it was not surprising that several owners of other journals began to dream of the simple economy of discharging their editor and appointing in his place the gentleman who looked after the advertisements. The natural result was a certain decentralization, a delegation of power to subordinates. The Sports Editor, the Literary Editor, the Art Editor, the Society Editor, all assumed an importance that they had not possessed before. With their rise the glory of the Editor-in-Chief has somewhat faded.

And then, too, there were the leader-writers, now a decaying race. Time was when the young man, fresh from the university, looked toward journalism as a possible profession, or at the worst as a support while he was making his way to fame and fortune with the novels and poems that he wrote to please himself and posterity. The position of leader-writer on a big morning paper was one of the prizes of the profession; grave and reverend elders were pointed out to him as having attained to this Olympian height, drawing handsome salaries for the privilege of instructing some thousands of breakfast-tables three mornings in the week. The good journalist then was the man who could be trusted to write on any given subject with an air of omniscience, an occasional touch of scholarship, and a graceful turn of wit,—all in three paragraphs of approximately equal length.

The leading article was heavy, and heaviness is now the unforgivable sin. Compulsory education and the cheap press have produced between them a class of reader who is incapable of assimilating a paragraph containing more than a single sentence. The old style of leader still drags on a precarious existence in one or two papers like "The Times" or "The Morning Post"; the other papers have produced a different and much shorter substitute, under a head-line that catches the eye of the most careless reader. For the morning journalist has had to find a form that would appeal not only to the leisurely citizen who can afford to give an hour to his paper after breakfast, but to the far more common case of the man of business who wants to learn as much as possible in the twenty minutes journey underground to his city office. And before this gentleman appears upon the scene, there is the crowd of workingmen who board the early trains, the throng of clerks and office-boys and shop-girls who have a halfpenny to spare for amusement and information. All of these want something that they can understand, and at a glance. The direct and simple appeal to them; they are not yet capable of appreciating a closely reasoned argument.

And one consequence of this is, that modern journalism no longer affords a field for the accomplished writer. It is a commonplace that the man with university training is at a discount on the daily press of to-day. Literature is not wanted, but a well-known name at the head of a few disjointed notes is worth money. And this is how the Expert came into his own. Your well-equipped journal now must have its staff of Experts, qualified by actual experience to criticize the daily performances of golfers, cricketers, football-players, and other gentlemen who are in the public eye at the moment. Obviously it is far more interesting to the general public to know that the account of the Test Match against Australia or South Africa is from the pen of some brilliant professional or amateur who has himself taken part in similar contests than to read some anonymous description, even by a master of the reporting art. But some of the players who have been dragged into the service of the cheap press for this purpose find considerable difficulty in stringing together the few simple sentences that are required. It is not unamusing to note the air of relief with which they employ, now and again, some outworn journalistic tag that has stuck in their memory.

As to the golf expert, his name is legion. Mr. H. H. Hilton, winner of championships at home and abroad, must be one of the busiest journalists alive, if we are to judge by the number of articles bearing his name that appear day by day in various papers. Yet it may be said for some of these golfing writers, at least, that they do not disgrace their new profession. Some of them can handle the pen as well as the putter, or nearly. Indeed, Mr. Horace Hutchinson, the first of the tribe to adopt the journalistic habit, has written novels of some merit. He is a writer who happens also to be a prominent player of the game; it is probable that in any case he would have produced books on something. But the editing of the Badminton book on golf was placed in his hands, and from that day his career was made. Golf had become an obsession; golfers all over the country demanded reams of gossip about their favorite pursuit; to many, the name of Horace Hutchinson stood for more in the world of letters than that of George Meredith or of Thomas Hardy.

It must be confessed that the lot of the golf expert is not an easy one. However well a man may know the game, however often he may visit new courses and play with local cracks, there must come a time when the task of turning out a column a week in two or three different papers begins to pall. He must long for a change of subject. Yet many of these gallant fellows carry on their business week

by week without a break for years. It is a making of bricks without straw,—or, let us say, of soup without stock. For their business is not the mere reporting of games, but the collecting of gossip; they have to start the golfing world talking on some new topic; it is theirs to provide conversation for the club-houses of the kingdom. We need not be surprised that they occasionally take up curious theories. In a sort of despair, as the fateful day comes round, they will clutch eagerly at anything to fill out a paragraph.

From the realms of sport, the Expert gradually made his way into other journalistic fields. About the beginning of this century, when the South African war was on, the craze for military experts on all the papers became ridiculous. Every little periodical must needs have its War Editor; never before in the history of the world had there been so great a demand for military writers. Naturally, most of the officers in the regular army being away on service or on duty at home, the demand considerably outran the supply, and the strangest specimens were employed as military experts,—men who had been in the ranks, or had held a commission in the volunteers, or perhaps had joined the college cadet corps when they were at school. The few real soldiers who were about could almost command their own price. Those were great days for the man who had once been through a course of drill.

I suppose it is much the same in all professions and in all countries. The general practitioner must give way to the specialist, and the man who intends to succeed in modern journalism does well to select some subject as early as possible and make it his own. Let him travel to Asia Minor or to the islands of the Pacific, to Siberia or the Argentine (for it is useful to have that touch of authority that comes alone from personal experience), choose his district, and set to work to become the recognized oracle on his little portion of the earth's surface. Or again, let him specialize on some such subject of general interest as airships or volcanic eruptions. He has but to read some standard work, to subscribe to a press-cutting agency, and to file his information neatly: in due course he will find his opportunity of enlightening the world. Some day he may even write a book on his pet subject, and put up his prices accordingly. Most of the golf experts have done so already.

That the trained writer should specialize, is well enough; but I have some little grudge against the journalist who cannot string together a couple of sentences without some blunder in the elements of construction. Modern journalism, I think, employs too many men who have nothing to recommend them but a certain proficiency at other pursuits. And these find their way not only into the daily press, but into monthly periodicals; they even invade the domain of printed books. A cricketer takes out a team to Australia or the Cape, and on his return must needs publish a fat volume to celebrate the occurrence. There is enough bad writing in the world already, from various causes; book-buyers are a steadily diminishing class; they should be protected from the assault of the incompetent amateur. Or perhaps it would serve if the Expert were taught the main principles of syntax. He has, in general, something to say, if he could say it without harrowing the soul of the grammarian. I am inclined to think, sometimes, that a standard should be set for all who aspire to see themselves in print; there should be examinations held annually at local centres, and no journalist or author should be permitted to practise without a diploma. The dentist, in this country, must have his license: the writer may set the teeth of the whole nation on edge without hindrance.

E. H. Lacon Watson.

COMMUNICATIONS.

LIBRARIANS' PENSIONS—A LIBRARIAN'S VIEW.

(To the Editor of The Dial.)

Permit me to offer a few remarks on the subject of pensions for superannuated librarians, as discussed in your "Casual Comment" of August 16.

Neither legislative enactments nor the philanthropy of the millionaires offers even a flicker of expectation to librarians in need of pensions. In the case of legislation, the Public will see no reason why librarians, before other public servants, should be pensioned out of public funds. It would be very difficult to prove that librarians occupy a position that renders them sufficiently distinctive, whether *qua* invalids from stress and strain or in the *rôle* of martyrs to a system of insufficient remuneration, to deserve a benefit not generally enjoyed by other educational workers. As for the philanthropy of the millionaires, let me say that while we librarians choose to be servants—servants to our great cause, servants to the Public, servants even to the individuals amongst the Public — we also hope to prove ourselves free men and women; and to such the acceptance of personal charity is quite as painful as is the deprivation of opportunities for a full enjoyment of legitimate earnings.

Most of us are plain persons with scant claims for distinction of any kind. Few among us possess a degree of scholarship equal to that of the average member of the learned or literary republic. But whatever we are, is it not evident that we choose our vocation, and like it, and submit to the conditions that surround it? Every calling has its own joys and sorrows. We do not expect to have the former sharpened, or to have the latter blunted, through the spasmodic leniency of a moneyed power. I sincerely believe that the greater number of us will not await the maturation of a pecuniary endowment before undertaking some useful but unremunerative work. I likewise hope we shall not be found lingering at the door of men who are responsible for the very social conditions through which our wages, otherwise a fair recompense, are rendered insufficient for our decent wants.

The problem of pensions for librarians had best be solved in the natural manner of coöperation. So much is known on the subject of old-age pensions and insurance against invalidism, that a single and efficient system could easily be found. Libraries as institutions, and librarians as individuals, could by their own efforts

build up a pensioning agency which would accomodate us all in a business way, on the evil day when we are graciously classed with "worn-out tools"—a term that we may properly recognize by reminding its users of the fact that our toleration, through long exercise, has grown quite unlimited. The details of such a pensioning system do not pertain here; only let me say that they include a fund preferably formed by initiation fees, an institutional membership contributing in proportion to number of employees, a personal membership contributing in proportion to salary. Some compulsory features might attach to these memberships, and the business organization of the system might be vested with our very efficient national Library Association.

In some such way we might obtain what is admitted to be a dire necessity as long as the rule of millionaires prevails and our insane social conditions prevent us from personally providing for a care-free old age. It remains to be seen whether the necessity is strong enough to impel action. I freely admit that some of us are tired of awaiting remote possibilities, and are ready to apply business principles where tears and hopes hitherto have been idly wasted.

J. C. B.

August 17, 1912.

A LIBRARY IN A POWDER MAGAZINE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The curious beginning of the Chicago Public Library, which, according to an interesting note in THE DIAL of July 16, was once housed in an abandoned water-tank, is matched by the Library of the Louisiana State University, which had its first quarters in an old powder-magazine. The State University occupies the buildings and grounds of the old army post at Baton Rouge, which was abandoned as a result of the electoral controversy of 1876–1877. The following extract from Fay's "History of Education in Louisiana" gives a description of the library as it was from 1886 to 1903.

"Far off to the northeastern corner of the garrison inclosure is a long, low building, entirely without windows, save for two small grated apertures at each of the narrow ends, while for entrance a heavy iron door is swung in the center of the southern front, a place more like a prison-house than a scholar's quiet domicile among books. Few have ever seen such a building; and as you enter for the first time it fairly oppresses you to observe that you pass through a doorway whose walls are five or six feet thick. Within, the room represents an equally strange sight. Along the walls bookshelves extend around the whole parallelogram, save for the trifling space of the small windows. The ceiling is so low that you can almost touch it at the bookcases, but it rises in low heavy arches, only to sink again archwise on massive square pillars in the center of the room. Thus are formed two long corridors with low arches that fall into a succession of vaults down the passage. The central pillars are girt around with square bookshelves, all with their burden of volumes.

"The building was the old powder-magazine of the barracks when soldiers, and not scholars, were stationed there. You would think it dark; but the whiteness of the ceiling counteracts in some measure the deficiency of appertures for light, and on fair days, at least, one reads without difficulty until after sunset. So thick are the walls that it is cool there on hot summer days, and never very cold on the rawest days the Southern winter affords."

Since the books have been removed to a more modern structure, the old powder magazine has been used as a storage place for agricultural implements, farm produce, and Experiment Station publications.

WALTER L. FLEMING.

Baton Rouge, La., August 22, 1912.

The New Books.

THE YOUNGER LIFE OF FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.*

From the all-alive and handsomely presented record of Nietzsche's first thirty-two years, as given by his sister Frau Förster-Nietzsche, many will gain a new impression of a figure which popular imagination has vested with a somewhat sinister cloud. Everyone must be grateful for this proud and lofty nature, that "never fell into the clutches of a great passion or of a vulgar love," that gave the impression, at the time of its fullest maturity, of "a being who had come direct from God's hands, and was not yet soiled by the dust of the world."

Elizabeth Nietzsche, well known as the most consistent advocate and furtherer of her brother's mission, is at her very best in this intimate story of the life she knew so well; she unites a sweetness and vivacity of temper to frank reasonableness, and if she idealizes at times in showing too ample a belief in the plenary sufficiency of Friedrich's message, it must also be noted that she nowhere intrudes her own personality into the well-proportioned portrait of the philosopher.

In all that touches birth and breeding, Nietzsche was a Brahmin of the Brahmins: his family record showed a long line of gifted, high-minded, cultured ancestors, loyal and conservative; his earliest years were spent in an "ideal parsonage" at Röcken. The humbly-proud traditions of a family which "found its pleasure in its own resources," which held its stock "too good to lie," were fully sustained, in all their unpretentious aloofness from vulgarity, in the home of the widowed mother, who never spoiled her son by a blind maternal love. There were no peremptory commands laid upon the boy, whose innate purity, nobility, and profundity kept him from cheapening the family ideals. The household was completely dominated by a religious spirit, and at the close of his career Nietzsche could say, "The most earnest Christians have always been kindly disposed to me." It was the boy's intention to become, like his ancestors, a Protestant pastor.

His childhood was indeed enviable, rich in affection, responsiveness, variety. A certain melancholy and love of solitude was fundamental to his nature, and a serious-mindedness in his studies which did not lead to priggishness.

* THE LIFE OF NIETZSCHE. By Frau Förster-Nietzsche. Translated by Anthony M. Ludovici. Illustrated. Volume I., The Young Nietzsche. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co.

Nowhere is there the record of more beautiful human relations than the perfect companionship always existing between Friedrich and his sprightly and gifted sister, two years younger than himself,—a partnership in plans, thoughts, and interests, passing the comradery between Goethe and Cornelia, or of Tom and Maggie in "The Mill on the Floss."

At the age of ten, Nietzsche was already a boy of extraordinary gifts, a composer of plays and of serious music; at a very early period we find the works of Goethe being used by his wise guardian to give him a feeling for what is highest in language and rhythm—an element in Nietzsche's subsequent power which can hardly be overestimated. At fourteen comes a distinct change in his course of life, in his departure for Pforta, the Rugby of North Germany. The educational ideals of this manly institution may well excite the envy of those who have at heart the education of American boys. About the time that young Nietzsche entered, the Rector wrote:

"Every Pforta boy leaves the institution with the definite stamp of a certain sound efficiency which lasts him throughout life. . . . Its pupils become complete men; they are taught to obey the command and the will of their superiors, and are used to the severe and punctual fulfilment of duty, to self-control, to earnest work, to original personal initiative, as a result of individual choice in their work and their love of it. They are accustomed to thoroughness and method in their studies, to rules in the division of the time at their disposal, and to a certain self-confident tact and fairness in intercourse with their equals."

It need scarcely be added, in the words of Nietzsche's sister, that "Pforta was not a school for softness, and under no circumstances flattered its gifted scholars." As in the English colleges, a wide independent reading of the classics was considered "the thing" by the pupils themselves. Many years after leaving the place, Nietzsche wrote of it:

"The most desirable thing of all is to have severe discipline at the age when it makes us proud that people should expect great things of us. . . . The same discipline makes the soldier and the scholar efficient; and, looked at more closely, there is no true scholar who has not the instincts of a true soldier in his veins."

With what avidity the boy craved after universality is plain from the interests of which he writes: nature, art, languages, classical antiquity, natural sciences, and religion appeal to him, for he was "a reverent animal." Before he was seventeen years old, he thus records his repugnance to attacking the foundations of current belief:

"Oh! destruction is easy, but construction! and even destruction seems a lighter task than it really is. . . . Force of habit, the need of striving after a lofty goal, the breach with every existing institution, the dissolution of every form of society, the suspicion of the possibility of having been misled for two thousand years by a mirage, the sense of one's own arrogance and audacity — all these considerations fight a determined battle within us, until at last painful experiences and sad occurrences lead our hearts back to the old beliefs of our childhood."

A few years later he puts the tragic modern crisis before his sister:

"Is it really so difficult simply to accept everything to which one has been brought up, everything which has gradually struck deep roots into one's being, which passes for truth not only amongst one's relatives but also in the minds of many good men, and in addition to this, really comforts and elevates man? . . . It is here then that man comes to the cross-roads. Do you desire spiritual peace and happiness? — very well, then, believe! Do you wish to be a disciple of truth? — so be it; investigate!"

The most important elements which came into young Nietzsche's life at Pforta were his friendships for gifted and serious boys, and his passion for Greek philology, for poetry and music; he leaves the royal school in 1864, *un jeune homme bien élevé.*

His first university year, eagerly pursued in Bonn, showed an interesting attempt to identify himself with the typical student-life, and a resultant moral recoil from the coarseness and "beer-materialism" of the group. At the University of Leipzig, which he entered in the fall of 1865, his rich temperament came into possession of its own under the nourishing influence of congenial professors and students. Two of the notable forces which wrought here were the play-house and the writings of Schopenhauer, the prophet of sensibility and subjective emotion. During the intolerable months of service in the Horse Artillery, and while doing the hardest work of the stable, he writes: "Concealed beneath the belly of my steed, I whisper, 'Schopenhauer, help!'"

At twenty-four years of age the professorship of classical philology at Basel is thrust at him, so to speak, and the authorities at Leipzig award their brilliant pupil his Doctor's degree without thesis or oral examination,—*on lui donnerait le bon Dieu sans confession!*

The productive and enthusiastic first years at Basel are adequately shown, with full indications as to Nietzsche's devoted activity. As a scholar he was intensely serious, but devoid of the slightest vein of ponderousness; he "detested every kind of pose." We have a vivid picture of his service as attendant upon a military ambulance during the French war, with a significant experience which throws a flash-light upon his later development:

"At last came the infantry, advancing at the double! The men's eyes were aflame, and their feet struck the

hard road like mighty hammer-strokes. 'Then,' said he, 'I felt for the first time, dear sister, that the strongest and highest Will to Life does not find expression in a miserable struggle for existence, but in a Will to War, a Will to Power, a Will to Overpower!'"

Until his health began to fail (about 1875), these were full and most happy years; it is pleasant to know that during the latter part of this professorship his devoted sister was able to provide him a thoroughly comfortable home, which was a hearth-side for the sprightly inner circle of friends,—a group, by the way, which significantly enough got endless entertainment from Mark Twain: something which the body of professional "scholars" could not understand at all (Emerson, it might be added, had stood first on Nietzsche's reading-list at Pforta, and we find occasional mention of Longfellow). Without fuller discussion of the details of his work, it should be noted that his science, classical philology, was to him "the serious aim of a life, pursued with ardor and devotion"; more particularly was it his life-work to evolve the total ultimate significance of Hellenism for the race, when brought into vital relation to "the true and pressing problems of life"; he had an insuperable hatred for all "philological" pedantry. His first book ("The Birth of Tragedy") bitterly opposed by many of the leaders of classical studies, was an attempt to re-appreciate the entire Greek soul. Another of his most trenchant "Thoughts out of Season" "called down" German inflation at the close of the war.

Through these happiest years of his life his crown of rejoicing was his friendship for Richard Wagner. The gradual breach is well accounted for, and makes some sad chapters: not to speak of the contemptible professional jealousies of Wagner (Nietzsche dared not accept a congenial invitation to travel with a son of Felix Mendelssohn!), his demand was for a complete absorption of Nietzsche's personality. The great disillusion came during the rehearsals at Bayreuth in 1876: he found the *Ring des Nibelungen* "simply exalted intoxication with no suggestion of exuberant Dionysian vitality"; he was thoroughly repelled by "the preponderance of ugliness, grotesqueness, and strong pepper." With this great disappointment the first volume closes.

The whole document impresses us with its truth, freshness, and immediateness of effect. The "ruthless" Nietzsche appears always full of delicate consideration for those about him, always insistent in his demand for whole-hearted friendship; most characteristic and ingratiating is his almost miraculous gift of piano-playing—a deeper index of his soul, perhaps, than many printed books. It is true that we see him becoming the prophet of the glorification of self-sufficiency, protesting against "smug routine and things allowed," impatient of any confusion of Immortals and groundlings. If we compare the bitter class-consciousness of socialistic labor-organs with the proud Will-to-Power of Nietzsche, we may be terrorized at the prospect of an Armageddon which is to try out these colliding principles. But it is not necessary to take Nietzsche's gospel too seriously; it is suspiciously akin to his "intuition" of an untamed strain of noble Polish blood in his veins; it may better be thought of as the fling indulged in by the highly-wrought scion of a long strain of blameless pastors and model citizens. As a matter of fact, our ruddy drop of common humanity far outweighs all the surging sea of social differences and contentions.

Nietzsche was, in a word, a sensitive impressionist from the womb: impressionist in his idealizing of friendships, even in his reaction under the stimulus of a German corps-fest! He took over from here and there much more than he created out of his own vitals; he is a sensitive recorder of fleeting moods,—but none of these facts obscures the moving sadness of this man's place in modern thought:

> "— between two worlds, one dead,
> The other powerless to be born."

The translation is to be commended for its freshness and the movement of its style, though it now and then condescends to trivialities in diction, is somewhat uncertain in its English idiom, and often exhibits the British dislocation of the adverb "only." Those trite stumbling-blocks *pathetisch* and *genial* appear serenely as "pathetic" and "genial"—*wie gebräuchlich;* on page 209 Burckhardt's name is spelled wrongly; at the close of page 252 the unrecognized quotation from Goethe's *Hoffnung* is grotesquely mistranslated.

JAMES TAFT HATFIELD.

FORT DEARBORN AND ITS STORY.*

A hundred years have passed since the Fort Dearborn garrison set forth upon the march which ended so disastrously among the sand-dunes below the river's mouth, and nearly eighty years since the rush of immigration to Chicago began which marks the birth of the modern city. From civilization's remotest outpost, far engulfed in the wilderness, Chicago has become,

*THE STORY OF OLD FORT DEARBORN. By Currey J. Seymour. Illustrated. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

in that time, the industrial heart of the nation and the fifth metropolis of the world. Some there are still with us who recall vividly how in 1832 the inhabitants of the little settlement fled in terror to the sheltering walls of Fort Dearborn before the threatened attack of the Indian, and then fled forth again in even wilder alarm before the deadlier peril of the Asiatic cholera.

Red man and cholera alike have vanished in a transformation as astonishing as any in all world's history. Probably no other event in the city's past so appeals to the imagination of the Chicagoan of the present as does the Fort Dearborn massacre. The force of this appeal is due to the fact that no other event so visualizes the gulf which lies between the conditions of the present and those of the past, so near in point of time, so remote in all other respects.

To the many narratives of the massacre already in print has now been added another; for approximately two-thirds of Mr. Seymour's "Story of Old Fort Dearborn" is devoted to the story of the massacre and of the conditions attendant upon it. It may be pertinent to consider, therefore, whether the progress which has been made in other ways since the occurrence of the tragedy is reflected in the accounts which have been written of it. Aside from brief contemporary notices, the first of these to see the light was the narrative of Mrs. John H. Kinzie, which appeared anonymously in pamphlet form in 1844, and was incorporated a dozen years later in the author's more ambitious literary venture, the book "Wau-Bun." For a variety of reasons this narrative soon acquired an unusual prestige. By the massacre, the Chicago of 1812 had been blotted out; the gulf between it and the bustling young city of the mid-century was bridged only by the representatives of the family into which the author had married. Socially prominent, her husband a charter member of the Chicago Historical Society, not backward about pressing the family claims to recognition, wielder of a captivating pen, claiming as no other could to speak upon the authority of participants in the massacre, there was none to rival her narrative. It was frequently paraphrased and quoted by other writers, and seems to have been regarded as containing all that could be known on the subject.

For a generation after its first appearance its validity was not publicly challenged, although it is worthy of note that the indefatigable Lyman C. Draper procured for preservation in his collection the judgment of the wife of Captain Heald, who died in 1857, that Mrs. Kinzie's account was "exaggerated and incorrect in its relation of the Chicago massacre." At length, however, some dissent from the general chorus of approval of its validity was manifested. In his quaint "Chicago Antiquities," Hurlbut some thirty years ago wrote himself down as a heretic in the matter in question, and a dozen years later Kirkland's "Chicago Massacre" expressed the conviction that Mrs. Kinzie's narrative "reads like a romance and was meant so to be read." Since then no other historian has entered the lists in support of these two, and the vogue of the "Wau-Bun" narrative still persists. No one who would understand the literature of the Chicago massacre, including the present work, can ignore it, for it is the fountain-head from which practically all other accounts have proceeded; while locally the public mind has become obsessed with it, as formerly on a national scale with the stories of the youthful Washington told by Mason Locke Weems. Yet from the serious historical viewpoint, the defects of the work are numerous and glaring. The perspective is distorted, the language extravagant, the antipathies displayed are violent. Motives are explained, orders reported, and conversations retailed, which if they ever had a basis in fact could not possibly have been known to the author, in a way which might well excite the envy of the sober historian whose activities are limited by the necessity of finding an authority for his statements.

To estimate "Wau-Bun" is to estimate the present work, for, the introductory portion aside, it is for the most part but a paraphrase of the earlier account. Rarely does the author's confidence in his leader falter. In many instances even errors of detail, which might readily have been corrected by reference to well-known sources, are repeated. He finds a qualified justification for the course of Captain Heald (pp. 55–56, 105–106), but there is no more basis for the judgment expressed of him than for the sweeping condemnation by Mrs. Kinzie. Even the most fanciful portions of the earlier narrative cause the author no hesitation. He repeats the grotesque story of the experiences of Sergeant Griffith (pp. 161–162), and defends the cruel and incredible tale of the death of Doctor Van Voorhis (pp. 143–145). His mental attitude is perhaps best illustrated by his treatment of the evacuation order. If it be conceded that his excuse of ignorance of the character of the order offered in behalf of the mistatements of Mrs. Kinzie which are based upon it is a valid

one, no such defense can be advanced for the author himself, who, in the face of full knowledge of the wording of the order, persists in repeating a number of these misstatements. Since the order enjoined the destruction of the arms and ammunition, it is obvious that the story that Heald promised to distribute the latter to the Indians, from which piece of folly he was diverted only by the remonstrances of Kinzie (pp. 110–111), together with the statements concerning the resentment of the Indians over Heald's "deception" when they discovered that they were not to receive the ammunition (pp. 118–119), are inventions.

The book abounds in errors of detail. La Salle reached the mouth of the Mississippi on April 9 instead of April 7, 1682 (p. 9); Fort St. Joseph was within the limits of the modern town of Niles instead of at the mouth of the St. Joseph River (p. 21); the construction of the first Fort Dearborn did not begin on July 4 (p. 22), for the troops arrived at Chicago only on August 17; nor was the fort ready for occupancy "later" in the summer (p. 25). On the contrary, in December the soldiers were still living in temporary huts, and the fort was reported as "not much advanced." John Whistler did not remain in America at the close of the Revolution and marry in Maryland (p. 34); rather, he returned to England on his release from captivity, where he eloped with a neighbor's daughter and came again to America. After leaving Fort Dearborn in 1810 he was transferred not to Fort Wayne (p. 34) but to Fort Detroit. The services of General Dearborn on the Niagara frontier were doubtless "distinguished" (p. 50), but hardly so in the sense intended by the author. The battle of the Thames occurred October 5 instead of October 6 (p. 67); the murders at the Lee farm were on April 6 instead of April 7 (p. 75); and the name of the Frenchman who was killed there was not Debou but John B. Cardin. The news of the declaration of war reached Fort Dearborn some time before August 7 (p. 102), and Winnemeg did not arrive with the evacuation order until August 9. Instead of being nearly as old as Captain Wells (p. 141), Mrs. Heald was but twenty-two in 1812. Mrs. Helm does not mention any fighting done by Van Voorhis (pp. 143–144), whether "gallantly" or otherwise. Lieutenant Helm was not a prisoner prior to the general surrender (p. 147). Surgeon John Cooper was not accompanied "by his wife and two young daughters," nor was he among the slain (p. 153); on the contrary he was unmarried, he had resigned the service and left Fort Dearborn over a year before, and he died peacefully in Poughkeepsie, New York, fifty-two years later.

Let it be understood, however, that our general estimate of the book is not determined by these and other errors of detail which space fails us to mention; rather it is conditioned by the author's attitude toward his subject, which reveals no evidence of the exercise of a critical faculty. It can hardly be supposed that the last word on the Fort Dearborn massacre was spoken by the first person who undertook to narrate its story. Handicapped as she was by the absence of libraries and the collections of historical societies, without access to government archives, relying for her information upon the recollections and traditions current in a single family, herself in no sense a trained investigator, it would be remarkable indeed if such were the case. The historian who to-day assumes the attitude that it was, may perhaps entertain, but he can hardly instruct, his readers.

MILO MILTON QUAIFE.

THE LYRIC IN ENGLISH POETRY.*

Professor Edward Bliss Reed is the first critic to attempt to give an account of the history of the English lyric. We have volumes dealing with one aspect or another of the subject — Sharp's study of the sonnet, Professor Schelling's Introduction to "Elizabethan Lyrics," Mr. Chambers's "Essay on the Mediæval Lyric"; but almost all such essays are prefaces to collections of poetry, not historical studies. A certain trial has already been made of Professor Reed's volume, for it is a working-over of lectures given, for a series of years, to college seniors. The arrangement of topics in the ten chapters is according to the periods of literary history — Old English, Middle English, Tudor, Elizabethan, and on to "The Lyric of To-day," where Stevenson, Henley, Francis Thompson, John Davidson, Mr. Watson, Mr. Kipling, and other poets, receive discriminating tribute.

One is impressed immediately by the orderly arrangement of the volume. No personal enthusiasms have led Professor Reed to over-emphasize any of the poets; he has shown an admirable sense of proportion. Only in a few cases is a reader likely to take issue with the critic's judgments, for time-honored favorites are given ap-

* ENGLISH LYRICAL POETRY. From Its Origins to the Present Time. By Edward Bliss Reed. New Haven: Yale University Press.

preciative comment in a way which assures us that he has a keen and sensitive enjoyment of lyric poetry. Many passages there are which reveal his intuitive penetration, whether he is discussing "The Seafarer" or Herrick's masterpieces, Blake's mysticism or Landor's lonely classicism. Both for breadth of sympathy and for depth of knowledge of literature, Professor Reed has the right to our most respectful attention. He writes in an easy conversational manner, sometimes rising to passages of intensely interesting appreciation. One feels constantly that he knows his subject, that his observations are based upon long study of the poets as well as upon the judgment of other critics. At the present time, when there is such a decline in the production of the genuine lyric, it is pleasant to think that a book like this must of necessity quicken appreciation of poetry and serve as guide to finer standards of taste. There is undoubted place for this history, not only in colleges but in the larger world.

Anyone who publishes a work on the lyric must face the difficult task of so defining the type as to silence envious tongues. It is agreed that the lyric is our most perfect poetry. Professor Reed's definition, as he summarizes it, is this:

> "All songs; all poems following classic lyric forms; all short poems expressing the writer's moods and feelings in a rhythm that suggests music, are to be considered lyrics. This threefold statement is not free from ambiguity, and does not remove all the difficulties that arise in determining whether or not a given poem is to be considered a lyric."

And further:

> "To sing with the infinite harmonies of rhythm and the melodies of rhyme; to move by dim suggestion or to appeal with overpowering passion directly to the feelings; to present thoughts suffused with emotion or ideas that concern the reason chiefly; to summon before the reader's mind, by 'the magic incantation of a verse,' exquisite colors and forms; to touch the memory and stir the imagination — this is but a faint description of the art of the lyric poet."

In this charmingly phrased definition it is evident that the critic narrows his subject, emphasizing the song quality overmuch; and one is not surprised to find that he rules out of consideration such poems as "Adonais" and "In Memoriam." Of course this has long been a debated question; but if the lyric is an expression, primarily, of emotion, can we classify these two poems as epic? Length is no final criterion of the lyric. Regarding "In Memoriam" as a series of lyrics, do we not more fully grasp its true significance as a musical outpouring of Tennyson's enduring feeling? Grief as well as joy is the true matter of a lyric, and when we have love, grief, self-hate, a slowly dawning sense of brotherhood, and hope, all expressed in musical stanzas, with the aid of imagery subdued but always immediately effective, have we not lyric poetry? And can those magnificent lines in "Adonais" that soar into the empyrean of imaginative passion, be anything but lyric, as they set the reader quivering in an emotional response which transcends any effect known to the epic? Depth and intensity belong to the lyric, and a strong note of ardent complex life often destroys the extreme clarity which to many people is an essential to true lyric poetry.

Inasmuch as the lyric is personal, individual, temperamental, we cannot hope for a philosophy of its evolution. Only here and there can we trace obligations such as that of Herrick to Ben Jonson, or Keats to Shakespeare, or Arnold to Wordsworth; or such influences as appear at times when certain conventions are dominant in an age. The interdependences of the religious lyric in the Middle Ages, the vogue of the sonnet in Shakespeare's day, or the triumph of the ode in the eighteenth century, may receive attention; but there is absolutely no way of finding one central underlying principle of literary evolution in the lyric. A book dealing with that theme must be more or less mechanical, moving by decades rather than by analysis of the development and growth of a stated form. The sonnet, the ode, may be treated with close investigation of shaping artistic process; but in the general subject of lyric it must be a study of men, isolated, more or less unrelated.

It is in this biographical, historical side of criticism that Professor Reed excels, rather than in the more æsthetic examination of art-impulse and of art-product. Although he continually refers to the external art-form, he does not, in many places, give us exact analysis of the sources of our enjoyment of this special beauty. Idea, feeling, rather more than expression, is his concern, and one cannot fail to be somewhat disappointed that so little is done to reveal this mystery of creation where the imagination is supreme. The typical creative process, through the medium of the concrete, be it by simile, metaphor, personification, or by simple allusion, should be expounded if we are to understand the real significance of the lyric. Close study, at the outset, of a few representative poems would have illustrated the fundamental truths of the lyric impulse and its expression, and the reader would have been quickened to appreciate the illumination of spiritual experience through

sensuous appeals. As it is, these things are taken too much for granted, so that the reader really zealous for understanding must work out his own salvation, if he is to gain a right conception of the quick, passionate, imaginative beauty of lyric poetry. Some critical training must be the prelude to the deeper enjoyment of any art; and as knowledge of technique of line, color, grouping, increases the pleasure in a painting, so a knowledge of how to read, with the imagination trained and alert, is a preparation for keener perception of poetic form.

It occasionally appears that the critic himself fails, in this book, to respond to the appeals to eye and ear, and for this reason expresses opinions which may arouse dissent. In discussing Donne, Herbert, and Wither, there is too little said about the kind of imagery employed, too little effort to vitalize the wayward and picturesque beauty of the "Metaphysical School." Undoubtedly it does err on the side of the grotesque, but there is a richness of sensuous perception and a lofty spirit of symbolic meaning which we should cherish. George Herbert's poems are more full of keen and suggestive metaphor than the critic would lead one to suppose, and the conventional quotations from his work are not enough to illustrate his delight in symbolism, as in

> "Man is no star, but a quick coal
> Of mortal fire;
> Who blows it not, nor doth control
> A faint desire,
> Lets his own ashes choke his soul."

Wither, too, is treated rather unkindly, for his work has constant surprises of challenging figure; even when he pictures love he gives a "metaphysical" addition,—

> "Great men have helps to gain
> Those favors they implore;
> Which, though I win with pain,
> I find my joys the more.
> Each clown may rise,
> And climb the skies,
> When he hath found a stair;
> But joy to him
> That dares to climb,
> And hath no help but air."

When we read that Shelley's

> "Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air"

is "an immortal line" and "one of the treasures of English literature," there is justification for irritated denial. The line is one of Shelley's weakest, offending the imagination by its ludicrous personification of feeding buds, a figure which degrades nature. Mr. Reed regards the musical element as predominant, and does not give due importance to the fact that there must be the appeal of visible and tangible as well as of audible in poetry. This lack of visualization is apparent when he quotes,

> "When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang,"

and then refers to "the grays and blacks" of the poem.

In placing Keats's "Ode to Sorrow" above the "Grecian Urn," he exalts an abstract eighteenth-century manner and a jingling rhythm above a singularly poignant and imaginative lyric, where a remarkable power of interpretative vision is allied with a serene and haunting music. So too, in the discussion of the sonnets of Sidney and of Rossetti,—the extracts quoted are all too often the less tremendous instances of a power of lyric expression which seized hold upon concrete images and gave them matchless music. Sidney's sonnet on the Moon will by some critics not be considered "his finest," but because of its artificial sentiment will be placed below that nobler one,—

> "Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust."

In the case of Rossetti, a somewhat unfair estimate is made of his art when the critic writes: "Browning's lovers meet under the open sky, but Rossetti takes us to a dim room, where we are overpowered by the incense burning at a shrine to Venus Victrix." It is true that the fervid Italian temperament of Rossetti enjoyed a certain richness of effect, but in the "House of Life" the majority of the figures used refer to nature, and keep the reader surrounded by the appeal of sun and wind and wave. What could be more powerful and more dominated by the finest spiritual truth of love than the lines in "The Dark Glass,"—

> "Shall birth and death, and all dark names that be
> As doors and windows bared to some loud sea,
> Lash deaf mine ears and blind my face with spray;
> And shall my sense pierce love,—the last relay
> And ultimate outpost of eternity?"

It is inexplicable that no mention is made of "The Monochord" or of "The Portrait," where the mystic yearning of Rossetti's love is revealed in utmost sensitiveness. It is odd, too, that in the account of Christina Rossetti, giving warm tribute to her superiority over Mrs. Browning, the most musical of her lyrics is not quoted, those stanzas full of concrete appeal and of deep elemental feeling,—

> "When I am dead, my dearest,
> Sing no sad songs for me;
> Plant thou no roses at my head,
> Nor shady cypress tree:

Be the green grass above me,
With showers and dew-drops wet;
And, if thou wilt, remember,
And, if thou wilt, forget.

"I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain;
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget."

There are destined to be omissions in a work as brief as this, and if Emily Brontë is neglected while Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses" receives a surprisingly ample notice, one must be content. The vogue of Ernest Dowson's facile verses hardly warrants including his name in a work which omits Eugene Lee-Hamilton and Mr. Stephen Phillips, who have a genuine hold on life. The rigid exclusion of Irish authors robs the history of what would have been particularly important, the interpretation of the grave precision of Lionel Johnson's work and an account of the symbolic, impetuous beauty in the poems of Mr. William Butler Yeats. These poets are partly English, by traditions of lyric art.

Even if the epic manner has been too frequent in this book on the lyric, readers will find it both stimulating and steadying. Every lover of lyric poetry ought to read it, and meditate over it, for it is a loyal voicing of faith that the beauty of the English lyric is imperishable, despite

"The wreckful siege of battering days."

MARTHA HALE SHACKFORD.

THE "NEW IDEA" IN STATE GOVERNMENT.*

Something more than a hundred years ago, the government of the United States was set up by the privileged classes. Its constitutions were consciously and purposely shaped for the restraint of excessive democracy. Although they did this while talking of the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, it is not fair to assume that the Fathers were outright thieves or canting hypocrites. Probably the majority of them honestly believed that such an arrangement was for the best interest of all the people. Did they not say that every man should have a chance? And did they not give every man — at least most white men — a chance, by the absence of a caste system? Land-ownership and all industries were open, and political power was neither hereditary nor subject to any religious test. What more could the *laissez faire* philosophy do? It had taken away the legal right of the government to hold a man down by Force and by the hereditary claim of some to ride on the shoulders of others. That one man might, through the possession of Force (economic power), mount on the shoulders of others was no concern of the government. It had given them the legal right to dismount him and rise by the same Force — if only they could get it.

The great expanse of open land and the apparently unlimited resources of our country enabled men to escape in part from this Force for a time. But with the ever-narrowing frontier, and the rapid strides of inventions which were protected by government patent and increased the Force of the few, escape became more and more difficult. After the Civil War, the government became still more closely allied with privilege. Indeed, Big Business stepped in and took charge, arrogating to itself special favors through the tariff, land grants, and banking privileges. Our government became, more distinctly than ever, one of the people by and for the privileged few who wield the economic Force of the land.

At last the people began to realize that they were not getting a square deal, and to demand that their governments, both state and national, be wrested from the hands of the privileged few. Many problems were thought to be beyond the competence of the states, and more and more was demanded of the national government. But some still had confidence in the states, and boldly struck out to obtain at least partial relief through them. Noteworthy achievements have been accomplished in several states; but nowhere have the results been more remarkable than in Wisconsin. That state has become an experimental laboratory, and the nation is looking on to see the process and obtain the results of the working out of the Wisconsin Idea. So great is the interest in this that two books have appeared almost simultaneously with the design of partially satisfying the desire of the nation to know about this new Idea in government.

What the Wisconsin Idea is, Mr. Charles McCarthy, the author of one of these books, tells us in a few sentences. It is, in effect, that there should be no drones living off the toil of the many; that "prosperity exists for the benefit of the human being, and for no other purpose." "If prosperity does not uplift the mass of hu-

*THE WISCONSIN IDEA. By Charles McCarthy. New York: The Macmillan Co.

WISCONSIN: AN EXPERIMENT IN DEMOCRACY. By Frederick C. Howe, Ph.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

man beings, it is not true prosperity, however it may be counterfeited by a grand show of fair cities or the glory of its riches." Our civilization, he thinks, must be made to serve the welfare of each individual. The way to do this is to drive out the cheating rascals who have acted as judges; protect the weak against the wielders of Force; provide honest markets and exchanges and means of transportation; and, finally, to teach the Man his rights as well as his duties as a citizen.

Only a few of the things undertaken by Wisconsin for the realization of this end can be as much as named here. It has regulated the railroads and other public utility corporations so as to make them the servants and not the masters of the people. It has done this, not by prescribing in rigid law minute rules and regulations that all must follow whether applicable to them or not, but by creating a commission and empowering and requiring it to see that the corporations furnish adequate service at reasonable rates and without discrimination. Seventy-five years ago, in the Priestly case, the courts of England established the doctrine of assumed risks in industrial accidents, and this doctrine was quickly introduced by our courts into this country and by them was widely extended. At last Wisconsin created a commission to investigate the whole subject of personal injury, industrial insurance, and workmen's compensation. After a painstaking study, it presented a report which resulted in laws shifting the cost of injury and pioneering the way for State Insurance in America. New York enacted a Workmen's Compensation act, only to have it declared unconstitutional on antiquated grounds. Wisconsin avoided the shoals of constitutionality by making it voluntary for employers to operate under the law, though virtually putting a penalty on them for not doing so. Her law stands, and has been copied by nine other states. Mr. McCarthy thinks the Employer's Liability Law the "greatest piece of legislation yet put forth in Wisconsin, and one which may be a long stride toward the solution of the whole industrial accident problem in America." Through the tax commission, and responsive legislation, tax burdens have been equalized with astonishing boldness and surprising justice. The latest experiment in taxation is the Income Tax law of 1911, the outcome of which will be awaited with interest, since our state income tax laws have been failures almost without exception. To be awarded a gold medal by the International Anti-Tuberculosis Association for the best law for the prevention or control of tuberculosis is an achievement worth while.

Much of this has been accomplished by "calling in the expert," as Mr. Howe says. The experts have come mainly from the University, which has become the "nerve centre" of the state, impelling it to intelligent action in many fields. It does this in two ways: by sending out graduates indoctrinated with the principles of good government, and filled with enthusiasm for it and by furnishing men for expert administrative work. In 1910–11, seven members of the instructional force were giving a part of their time to public service, and were being paid for both; twenty-three others had definite official positions without any definite combination arrangement; thirteen others, besides various members of the medical faculty, were serving the state bureaus in various ways when called upon; and four state officers were serving on the University staff without further compensation. Except from the members of the "old guard," who do not like to see themselves displaced, the chief complaint seems to be, not that these men are grafting, but that the stranger never knows where to find them — whether at the statehouse or the University.

But the greatest service of the University has been in the democratization of learning and its application to the needs of everyday life. Its theory is that if the boy is to become a bricklayer he should be taught something more than how to lay bricks; he should be taught buying, architecture, and the essentials which will prepare him for service in the civic body. After enumerating a dozen or more things — such as improving seed-corn, grasses, orchards, the breed of horses and cattle, and giving a great impulse to the dairy industry — Mr. McCarthy says: "The question arises at once, 'But is n't all this materialistic? Does n't the University of Wisconsin spell 'cow'?" With refreshing frankness, he answers: "And what of it?" He is fully convinced that all this is worth while in itself, but that mere learning will be the gainer from it also.

One of the remarkable things about the matter is that all of this has been accomplished without any such devices as the initiative, referendum, and recall, on which so much emphasis is laid in other progressive states, particularly Oregon, California, and Oklahoma. Not until last year was an initiative and referendum amendment passed for submission to the people, and its form shows that it was designed merely to supplement, not to supplant, the legislature.

Through the efforts of Mr. La Follette and his co-workers, and by means of a primary-election law, the people recovered their state government several years ago. Now they have confidence in their legislature, because it goes about legislation in a scientific way and has accomplished good results. Both Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Howe attribute this to the large German element in the state. These people fled from oppression, and brought with them the scientific spirit. They saw that the great private interests won, not so much because of bribery as through the employment of experts who used skill in drafting bills and then backed them up with arguments which the ordinary legislator could not refute. The legislator was not hopelessly bad; no one was there to answer specious arguments, or to point out the vicious features of bad bills. So the expert was called in against the expert, and a legislative reference library was created, where bills can be drafted with care, and information supplied on all sides. Probably more credit is due to this bureau than Mr. McCarthy, who has had charge of it since its creation, modestly claims.

Both Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Howe are filled with enthusiasm for their subject, and they have given us a very roseate picture of the results achieved. It does not appear that they have overdrawn the results in any case, but they have said very little about what yet remains to be accomplished. Both books furnish stimulative reading, and will be helpful to the serious student. Because he goes more into detail, and quotes more freely from statutes and reports, Mr. McCarthy's work will be more helpful to the legislator seeking precedents; but the latter will do well to have both books close at hand.

DAVID Y. THOMAS.

PROBLEMS OF EVOLUTION.*

Among recent notable books on Evolution Professor William Patten's "Evolution of the Vertebrates and their Kin" stands forth in a class by itself. Since Haeckel's early essays in this direction, no one has had the temerity to undertake the working out of so elaborate and comprehensive a family tree for the animal kingdom as is here set forth. While the main problem of this *magnum opus* is the phylogeny of the vertebrates, the author finds it necessary — or at least advisable — before he finishes, to bring into the purview of his theory the whole animal world from the lowest to the highest forms. Briefly stated, Dr. Patten's thesis, to the elaboration and support of which he has given the best part of his working life, is that those animals characterized by a backbone, or vertebral column, are the direct descendants, in the process of evolution, of the class of animals known as arachnids, which include such creatures as spiders, scorpions, and the horseshoe crab. Now if one accepts the doctrine of evolution at all, as most people do, it is pefectly certain that the vertebrates must at some time have evolved from a preëxisting invertebrate form. Various theories have been advanced from time to time in regard to which particular invertebrate class was thus distinguished in the evolutionary process. No one of these theories has ever found universal acceptance among zoölogists, and Dr. Patten's is not likely to be more fortunate than its predecessors,— though it must be said that never has so cogent, comprehensive, and well-sustained an argument been brought forward in favor of any particular invertebrate ancestor as that presented in this book. The difficulty confronting acceptance lies not in the argument so much as in the premises on which it is built. While Dr. Patten argues vigorously, even at times warmly, in support of the method of comparative morphology as a means of arriving at the truth respecting the course of phylogeny, it nevertheless remains a fact that biology gave this method a thorough and fair trial over a long period of years and found it essentially weak so far as concerns this particular point of phylogenetic synthesis. In the language of the bench, the data of comparative morphology lack "probative value." No biologist can fail to admire the patient, careful, and painstaking toil which has gone into the researches on which this book is based, nor the brilliant genius for morphological investigation which is displayed on nearly every page; yet the final verdict on the main thesis, in spite of all this, must be "not proven."

"Plant Life and Evolution," by Professor Douglas Houghton Campbell, forms one of the volumes on "The Philosophy of Nature" in the

*THE EVOLUTION OF THE VERTEBRATES AND THEIR KIN. By William Patten. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co.

PLANT LIFE AND EVOLUTION. By Douglas Houghton Campbell. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

THE COMING OF EVOLUTION. The Story of a Great Revolution in Science. By John W. Judd. Cambridge University Press. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE THEORIES OF EVOLUTION. By Yves Delage and Marie Goldsmith. Translated by André Tridon. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

THE STORY OF EVOLUTION. By Joseph McCabe. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

"American Nature Series." The book is essentially an attempt to illustrate the general principles of organic evolution by reference to plants rather than animals. No American botanist is better qualified to undertake such a task than the author. The result is a valuable addition to the elementary popular literature on evolution. Following the introductory chapters on elementary biological matters and the factors of evolution, a rather detailed account is given of the course of evolution in the plant kingdom. In these chapters the author is at his best. A chapter on Adaptation gives an excellent review of the rich material offered by plants for the illustration of this fundamental characteristic of living things. This leads up to an account of the distribution of plants on the earth, and the factors which have influenced it. The part which man has played, through his practise of the art of agriculture, in controlling the evolution of domesticated plants, is discussed. The final chapter deals in general terms, and very briefly, with the various general theories of evolution.

To the series of "Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature" a volume entitled "The Coming of Evolution" is contributed by the distinguished geologist, Professor John W. Judd. The story of the part played by the geologists, particularly Lyell, in laying the solid foundation for the idea of organic evolution, by demonstrating the fact of evolution in the inorganic world, is told in a very genial and entertaining manner. The last chapters review Darwin's life and give a critical estimate of the significance of his work.

"The Theories of Evolution," by Professor Yves Delage and Mlle. Marie Goldsmith, is an English translation of a work which has been very popular in France in the original Flammarian edition, and rather widely read elsewhere. The chief claim of the work to distinction rests on its detailed presentation of the Lamarckian viewpoint. This doctrine, which Darwin once called "nonsense" (though he afterward apparently came to look more graciously upon it), contends essentially that the direct effects of the environment on organisms not only may be inherited, but *are* inherited, and that in such inheritance is to be found a *vera causa*, if not indeed the chief cause, of organic evolution. It is to the French that we have long been accustomed to look for the most ardent advocacy of this viewpoint. All biologically inclined Frenchmen appear to regard it a fundamental patriotic duty to inherit their acquired characters. No more forceful presentation of the Lamarckian arguments has ever been made than that contained in this book, of which one of the most distinguished of French zoölogists is the senior author. But still the case is just as weak as ever at the essential point — namely, in concrete experimental demonstrations that acquired characters (in the technical sense) are really inherited. The evidence that they are has never yet been able to withstand completely and satisfactorily the searching criticism which has been brought to bear upon it.

Mr. Joseph McCabe, the well-known writer of popular treatises on evolution, and the translator of Haeckel, has produced another volume, "The Story of Evolution," which has a strong family resemblance to his previous output. This book aims to tell the story of evolution "from the ground up." It begins, like Genesis, with primitive chaos, and ends with the future of mankind. Like the traditional German definition of English philosophy, it has length and breadth. Written with a good deal of literary skill, it is "easy" reading. The field covered, however, is so wide — including physical and geological evolution as well as organic — that the treatment cannot be, of necessity, anything but extremely superficial. The objectionable feature of this type of "popular" science is the altogether false perspective in regard to the method of science which it tends to emphasize.

RAYMOND PEARL.

THE HISTORY AND ROMANCE OF FURNITURE.*

Furniture, as the term is employed by modern writers, is applied to those movable articles used in the home for personal rest, work, and pleasure, or for the storing of household requisites and ornament. These articles are almost invariably of wood, because of all the materials applicable to the interior construction and adornment of the home wood has been and still is man's "first favourite and proven friend." The history of furniture is therefore largely the history of man's adaptation of wood to his home needs and adornments. This history begins with his initial step in the direction of civilization, and has developed with his home-making instinct. It has been influenced by climate, and

* FURNITURE. By Esther Singleton. Illustrated. New York: Duffield & Co.

THE BOOK OF DECORATIVE FURNITURE: ITS FORM, COLOUR, AND HISTORY. By Edwin Foley, Fellow of the Institute of Decorative Designers. In two volumes. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

thus Europe rather than the Orient presents the chief field for its study. The Oriental still seeks rest upon rugs spread upon the floor; and while floor coverings have been brought to the highest state of perfection in the East, little is to be found there in the way of furniture.

Because of its close human association, furniture has become invested with a romance as well as a history. And because in its evolution it has engaged the attention of those skilled in the art of design, an added interest has been given to it, and thus it has become the object of the art student's and connoisseur's and collector's zeal. So it has come to pass that of late years a literature of the subject has been developed, closely related to books on arts and crafts, though the sumptuousness of the volumes places them more in the category of art books.

The two works now before us contain the latest word, full and complete, on the subject of historic furniture. Miss Singleton is an acknowledged expert in this field. Of the numerous art guides she has written, five are upon furniture. Her present volume seems to be largely a compilation from her former books, intended to summarize and present a comprehensive view of the subject; and she does this in a systematic and scientific manner. She is chiefly concerned with the classification of furniture by styles and schools; and her first chapter, on that division of the subject, is as long as any two of the subsequent chapters. She finds furniture divisible, as architecture might be, into national styles,— Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Romanesque, and Gothic; and the French and English styles are further capable of subdivision by the political epochs in those countries. She also brings to notice a style called *genre auriculaire*, from the ear-shaped ornament employed. The most interesting "schools" are named after the great eighteenth-century designers, Adam, Heppelwhite, Sheraton, and the three Chippendales. Her subsequent chapters are more specifically devoted to the development of the different articles of furniture, showing the evolution of one style out of its predecessor; and the foreign influences, Chinese at one time, affecting the design of English furniture. Her final chapter, upon mirrors, screens, and clocks, exhibits the wide range of her subject. One hundred and nineteen full-page half-tones from photographs of furniture in the Metropolitan Museum and in the chief museums in Europe, and sixty-one text illustrations, help to make her volume a very satisfactory guide to a knowledge of the history of furniture.

Mr. Edwin Foley covers the same broad field, but in a different way, and apparently with a different object in view. He is an artist to whom the picturesque features of furniture make the strongest appeal, and emphasis is laid on the word "Decorative" in the title he has chosen for his two large volumes. He regards furniture chiefly as a manifestation of the art of the woodworker, and aims to give a survey of the world's beautiful woodwork. He gives an account of British domestic woodwork from the time of the introduction of printing into England and the building up of the home life, to the beginning of the nineteenth century; with subordinate accounts of French, Italian, German, Flemish, Spanish, and Oriental furniture. His enthusiasm for the English woodwork is manifest from his frequent reference to the eras of oak and walnut and mahogany in England, and the extent to which he illustrates the different kinds of wood used in the construction and decoration of furniture. He scarcely refers to upholstery, or recognizes it as essential to furniture. The hundred full-page illustrations are from the author's own paintings, reproduced in color and mounted on gray cartridge paper; and included among them are illustrations of different varieties of wood employed by the cabinet-makers, showing most accurately the peculiarities of their grain and color. The thousand text drawings are admirably illustrative of the different kinds of ornament and carving used. Further aids to a right understanding of the history of furniture are furnished in charts, tables, and diagrams, which show the evolution of the different articles of furniture, the different styles, the era in which each flourished, the different kinds of ornament employed, together with a glossary of terms and a bibliography. Altogether the volumes are made upon a very generous plan, with large pages, large type, and profuse illustrations. The lover of pictures, the connoisseur, the art student will find here much to interest and instruct. As reference volumes upon all matters connected with furniture, there can be no question of their value.

ARTHUR HOWARD NOLL.

DR. EDWIN A. GREENLAW is the compiler of "A Syllabus of English Literature" (Sanborn) designed for college students. It is a work planned to be used in connection with one or more of the comprehensive anthologies with which recent years have provided us. It seeks "to aid the instructor by presenting in convenient form the facts that must accompany the reading and to suggest to the pupil some of the things he should look for in the work assigned him for study." The alternate pages are left blank for notes.

Briefs on New Books.

A plea for the Persian patriot.

"The Strangling of Persia" (Century Co.) is a title that well describes the remorseless doing-to-death of constitutional government which Mr. W. Morgan Shuster witnessed in the short term of his service as Treasurer-General at Teheran. Invited by the Persian Cabinet, through its Minister of Foreign Affairs, to undertake the straightening-out of that country's tangled revenue system, Mr. Shuster, who had already had some years' experience in the customs departments of Cuba and the Philippines, proceeded to Persia in the spring of last year, and with his assistants struggled against all sorts of vexatious and largely unforeseen obstacles until the combined opposition of the two European powers chiefly interested in keeping Persia bankrupt and feeble compelled him to relinquish his hopeless task and return home. Eight months of intelligent and courageous striving against overpowering odds are to be placed to his credit, and his highly readable and apparently full and frank account of his peculiar experiences amid the jealousies and intrigues and multitudinous knaveries of an oriental capital shows him to be skilled in writing as well as in finance. In the story he has to tell, Russia is of course the double-dyed villain; England is the guilty accomplice, weak-kneed and thoroughly unheroic in every situation depicted; and the liberty-loving constitutional party in Persia is the foully-wronged heroine calling in helpless agony for some hero to rush to her rescue. Five years of creditable effort at self-government preceded the tragic end; but, as the author says, "five years is nothing in the life of a nation; it is not even long as a period for individual reform; yet, after a bare five years of effort, during which the Persian people, with all their difficulties and harassed by the so-called friendly powers, succeeded in thwarting a despot's well-planned effort to wrest from them their hard-earned liberties, the world is told by two European nations that these men were unfit, degenerate, and incapable of producing a stable and orderly form of government. With a knowledge of the facts of Persia's downfall, the scales drop from the eyes of the most incredulous, and it becomes clear that she was the helpless victim of the wretched game of cards which a few European powers, with the skill of centuries of practice, still play with weaker nations as the stake, and the lives, honor, and progress of whole races as the forfeit." Mr. Shuster prefaces his narrative with such brief outline of recent Persian history as its better understanding requires, and appends various documents and other matter of a pertinent and interesting nature. Illustrations from photographs are lavishly supplied. To most readers the book will be an eye-opener, and it is hardly possible that its disclosures will not contribute in some measure to the righting of the grievous wrongs it so admirably, because tersely and without sensationalism, and with here and there a touch of grim humor, describes.

Two books on a little-read author.

Thomas Love Peacock has a certain claim to immortality since his poems have been published among the cheap classics of the "Muses Library," and two of his novels in "Everyman's Library"; but perhaps his especial glory is that reflected from his contribution to Shelley's biography and to his being pilloried in the latter's amusing letter to Harriet, after the poet had run off with Mary Godwin, as "expensive, inconsiderate, and cold." Very few to-day read Peacock's novels, and whoever went through his long poem "Rhododaphne"? It is accordingly rather remarkable that two considerable books on his life and work should appear independently of each other at the same time, one entitled "The Life of Thomas Love Peacock" by Mr. Carl van Doren (Dutton), the other "Thomas Love Peacock: A Critical Study" by Mr. A. Martin Freeman (Kennerley). As their titles indicate, the former is more especially a biography, the latter a literary appreciation. The former is much fuller in biographical detail, is more specific and more complete in its references to authorities, and it has a good bibliography; the latter is more concerned with Peacock's literary development through the phases of pseudo-classicism, satire, and romanticism, and shows less familiarity with the critical work of his predecessors. The divergencies in matters of fact are comparatively slight. Both authors agree in regarding the two leading female characters of "Nightmare Abbey" as Shelley's two wives, and not, as a writer in the "Modern Language Notes" (vol. xxv.) argues, as Harriet and Miss Hitchener. Characteristically, Mr. Freeman apparently does not know of this argument; but his case in support of his interpretation is made more convincing than is Mr. van Doren's for the same conclusion. The man Peacock stands out more prominently in Mr. van Doren's "Life," and an exceedingly interesting character he is. "Two neighbours were rowing by the house one evening, and . . . one of them, not quite sure of their locality, asked the other in a tone of voice which should have been modified, 'Is this old Peacock's?' Before his companion could reply, a strong voice called from the garden, 'Yes, this is old Peacock's, and this is old Peacock,' and 'old Peacock' stepped irately out of the shadow." Mr. Freeman, on the other hand, gives an excellent analysis of the significance in English literature of Peacock's novels. "'Headlong Hall,' as it marked the author's final stage from bondage to liberty, proclaimed at the same time the appearance of something absolutely new in English literature. . . . In style and manner, in the more restricted sense of the words, he still belongs to the eighteenth century, Fielding being his most obvious influence, especially noticeable in his careful and lucid accounts of unheroic events, in the epic style. . . . He belongs, in style and language, to a school; but he borrows from no master. He lived intellectually, and, it is not too much to say, emotionally in ancient Greece and Rome and in England of the 'classical' period."

Some chance acquaintances deftly portrayed.

Traveller in divers lands, artist, dreamer, lover of nature and of the natural and unspoilt, passionately fond of Italy, yet not disloyal to her Slavic antecedents, Miss Yoi Pawlowska records, in "A Year of Strangers" (Duffield), some of the experiences and especially some of the friendships, that made memorable a twelve months' wandering and sojourning in Italy, Flanders, Russia, and Persia. She seems to be one of those "tramp-souls," as she calls them, that "have no home but the land which they never reach," although elsewhere she takes pleasure in regarding Rome as her abiding-place. Even the fatigues of travel in Persia, with its primitive modes of conveyance and its still ruder hostelries, do but add zest to her adventures. Heat, cold, thirst, starvation, she says, fight with the body, but they are not enemies to the soul — the spirit is free. One admires her stout heart and feels the warm human quality of the woman behind her gracefully-written chapters. Sorrow and suffering have been her schoolmasters, it appears, and have taught the lessons no others can teach. "Fate has taken from me everything," she writes, but with some manifest exaggeration, "everything that a human being can lose, and I can still say, 'Joy is mine,' because I see the mountains around us are blue, . . ." The "strangers" with whom she makes acquaintance in her year of wandering, and with whom her pages make us acquainted, are of humble station and unbereft of charm and piquancy by any smoothing-out process of civilization. In fact, one of her chosen characters is a dog, and for the patient camels of the desert she cherishes a warm affection. Admirably executed are her brief impressionist sketches of all these personalities, and animalities, that appeal to her love of the distinctive, the picturesque, the unconventional. Entertaining, too, in a different way, are some of her passing reflections. The unsettled and precarious condition of the Persian government strikes her as natural and salutary; for "governments, if allowed to keep in power too long, begin to take themselves seriously, to the detriment of the people. How wise the nations are who change them continually. How wise the Persians are!" By this token, then, the Latin Americans must be among the very wisest of the world's nations. The author's perfect command of English may be attributed to residence in England, which is referred to in her book. Her tasteful volume is a little masterpiece, in its way.

Sources of religious insight and inspiration.

The Bross Lectures delivered every ten years at Lake Forest University, and which have to deal with aspects of the philosophy and evidences of the Christian religion, were given last year by Professor Josiah Royce of Harvard, and they are now published under the title "The Sources of Religious Insight" (Scribner). By insight, Professor Royce means "knowledge that makes us aware of the unity of many facts in one whole, and that at the same time brings us into intimate personal contact with these facts and with the whole wherein they are united." By religion he means recognition of and reaction toward the fact that man needs to be saved. By salvation, however, the author does not mean escape from total depravity, but simply the gaining by man of "some end or aim of human life which is more important than all other aims, so that, by comparison with this aim all else is secondary and subsidiary, or even vain and empty." As exploited in the pages of this book, this aim of life is loyalty to the universe as the universe is conceived by the philosophy of idealism. Professor Royce criticizes pragmatism at some length. While he acknowledges that all truth must "work," or make some difference to our conduct, as the pragmatists assert, and that there are no pure operations of the intellect divorced from reference to action by the thinker, he claims that all these truths which do work do so in virtue of their agreement with a realm which is superhuman, above the level of individual caprice,— the life, in short, of the world. And "unless this life is more than merely human in its rational wealth of concrete meaning, we mortals have no meaning whatever." The problem of religion, then, is to come into the richest relations with this life of the whole. The path to such connection the author finds in the conception of loyalty. For loyalty is the one virtue which implies making the very best of one's own powers, seeking all the self-perfection one can accomplish, and then using all one's perfected self in the service of a power which is vast enough to claim the free allegiance of the whole soul. But temporal loyalties may conflict; and so the further principle is deduced of loyalty to the cause of loyalty. Here, says Mr. Royce, is a principle fit to be made the basis of a universal moral code. For through every special cause which claims the loyalty of the individual, his true cause comes to light as "the spiritual unity of all the world of reasonable beings." While, of course, much of the work is conditioned by the author's philosophy—which is by no means universally accepted — the concrete character of much of it, and the spiritual fervor of nearly all of it, will commend it as a source of spiritual inspiration even to those who do not agree with its intellectual premises. Especially is this true of his chapter on Sorrow as a means of religious insight.

The meaning and mystery of poetry.

Since Aristotle's "Poetics," defining poetry has been one of the pastimes of the ages. Those who have written on the essence of poetry fall into three groups: valorous critics who think they have at last captured the volatile spirit of poetry; critics who utter what in them lies, without insisting that they have solved the mystery; and, finally, critics who begin by maintaining that poetry can never be satisfactorily defined. Professor Arthur Fairchild, in his "The Making of Poetry" (Putnam), clearly belongs to the last of these three groups. Setting aside the attempt to define poetry, on the ground that poetry "begins and ends in feeling" and that the nature

of feeling forbids definition, Mr. Fairchild proceeds to analyze the material and the processes of poetry. The material, he finds, is "the mental image." Of the processes, the first is "personalising," a self-projection which puts the poet, as it were, into the things and persons that environ him, this self-projection being manifested by the images he uses. The second process is the combining of these images. The third process is versifying, which, in the last analysis, has an "enforcing effect upon the groupings of images." The three chapters devoted to these processes are the longest and most important in the book. They are followed by "The Nature of Poetry," which does not improve upon what has been said on the theme; "The Need and Value of Poetry," poetry being "a biological necessity," or, as Professor Mackail would put it, "a function of life," and having its value mainly in the fact that it contributes "to the continuity and unity of consciousness"; and lastly, "Some Forms of Poetry Examined," an indirect repetition of all that has preceded. From the foregoing bald summary one may at least discern Mr. Fairchild's method — that of the abstract system. The strength of the method lies in its strict logic and clear outlines. The author has evolved a system that is undeniably self-consistent and everywhere luminous; in particular, the chapter on "personalising" and the chapter on versifying are admirably done. The weakness of the abstract system, when applied to poetry, lies in its antipathy to the spiritual qualities of high poesy. In his preface the author trusts that he may make us see more clearly the "morning radiance" that a good poem casts over life; but too often, in the pages that follow, the morning radiance resembles the hard blue flame of the bunsen-burner. Poetry in a test-tube proves to be "a biological necessity" rather than "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge." We watch the "raw material," the mental image, subjected to various processes until it is poured out upon a sheet of paper in the form of a genuine poem. Hence the formula, $x + y + z$ = poem. That the formula is correct is a fact that does not, somehow, enable us to read poetry with the "joyous yet discriminating" attitude which our author holds to be proper. The value of the book, indeed, resides, not in the lucid exposition of the mysteries of poetry, but in the thoughtful frame of mind that it induces in the reader. Too rarely do we *think* about poetry.

Chronicles of Anarchism.

In the preface to his book entitled "The Anarchists" (Lane), Mr. Ernest Alfred Vizetelly claims the unique merit of supplying "a history of their doings from the days of Bakúnin." The history of a movement cannot well be written until the movement is past, and well past. This, Mr. Vizetelly argues, is clearly the case with Anarchism, or at any rate with that militant anarchism which pushed what was called "the Propaganda by Deed," and which was responsible for the deaths of Carnot and McKinley, King Humbert and the Empress Elizabeth, the last of which outrages occurred more than a decade ago. The assassination of the King of Portugal and his son was not due to Anarchists, the author is sure, but to Republicans. The long struggle between Socialism and Anarchism for the favor of the dissatisfied lower strata of society has already resulted decisively in favor of the former, and the world is to be saved not by abolishing government but by repressing the individual. The sub-title announces the author's intention of dealing both with the Anarchists' faith and with their record. The former is treated in a luminous Introduction of twenty pages. The remainder of the book is a painstaking chronological account, carefully indexed, of all important and many unimportant Anarchist manifestations, from the beginnings of Bakúnin, who by a lifetime campaign in favor of violence earned the title of "the Father of Modern Anarchism." Everything is done with edifying detail: if the student wishes to know how much Meunier paid for rum at M. Véry's restaurant in the Boulevard Magenta, or what Czolgosz had for breakfast on the day he paid the penalty for assassinating McKinley, this book has the information ready. There is, in fact, so much of detail and so little of generalization that it might be better to ignore the author's own classification and place it among the reference books,—although there are pages which are breathlessly, if unpleasantly, interesting. Mr. Vizetelly, a great traveller with connections all over Europe, actually witnessed the killing of Carnot, as well as a number of the other incidents mentioned; and being, moreover, a man of catholic interests and unusual powers of observation and retention, he furnishes an amazing amount of evidently first-hand information on the most various subjects related to his main theme. Anarchism might have found a more sympathetic historian, but scarcely a better informed one.

A sheaf of William Sharp's literary papers.

The second volume of Mrs. William Sharp's uniform edition of her husband's "Selected Writings" (Duffield) bears the title "Studies and Appreciations," and is made up of nine critical essays — on the sonnet, on Shakespeare's sonnets, on great odes, Sainte-Beuve, some plays of Signor d'Annunzio, certain contemporary Italian poets, the modern troubadours, Brittany's heroic and legendary literature, and "la jeune Belgique" — that have appeared as introductions to or parts of other works, or in magazines. There is also a fragmentary outline sketch of a projected treatise on "The Sevenfold Need in Literature." These various papers date from the author's thirtieth to his forty-seventh year (1885 to 1902), and therefore may be said to represent the best of his scholarly and critical work, work which suffered some interruption from the intrusion, in 1894, of that secondary personality now known as "Fiona Macleod," and which was cut short by the author's death in 1905, in his fiftieth year. The scholarship, appreciation, and taste shown in these attractively

presented literary studies have probably won him more readers than have his romances, exquisite "prose poems" though these products of his other self are acknowledged to be. The spirit of his criticism is well indicated in a few words of his own, prefixed to the present volume: "When I speak of Criticism I have in mind not merely the more or less deft use of commentary or indication, but one of the several ways of literature, and in itself a rare and fine art: the marriage of science that knows and of spirit that discerns. The basis of Criticism is imagination, its spiritual quality is simplicity, its intellectual distinction is balance." In turning his pages one cannot but note his partiality to the more melodious or sensuous element in poetry, and his consequent fondness for Rossetti and Swinburne, the latter of whom he praises for his "magnificence of music and splendour of imagery." One might perhaps pardonably comment in passing on certain occasional mannerisms of Sharp's; for instance, his use of the cumbrous circumlocutions "anterior to" and "posterior to," when he simply means "before" and "after," lacks the quality of "simplicity" which he himself so highly commends. The book supplies a need in gathering together in suitable form these excellent critical essays.

A socialist of the French Revolution.

"The Last Episode of the French Revolution" (Small, Maynard & Co.) is the somewhat questionable title which Mr. Ernest Belford Bax gives to his history of "Gracchus" Babeuf and the "Conspiracy of the Equals"; an ungrateful subject even for a radical writer, because the socialistic schemes of Babeuf were crude and his personality uninteresting. Mr. Bax undertook the task to carry out a wish expressed by the late William Morris that there might be in English a reliable biography of Babeuf and a statement of his theories. Babeuf's sole claim to distinction is as a precursor of the nineteenth-century socialists of the Blanquist type. Like some of the militant syndicalists of the present day, he proposed to seize power and transform society by one great act of revolutionary violence, accompanied by a holocaust of the minions of the existing order. The Directory and the two Councils were to be "immediately judged by the people," and any official, high or low, who attempted any action whatever, should be slain, as well as foreigners found in the streets. Mr. Bax transcribes this from the "Act of Insurrection," but finds the informer Grisel's description of Babeuf as a "blood-thirsty tiger" unjustifiable; as perhaps it was, for Babeuf seems to have been suffering from lack of imagination rather that from natural ferocity. Mr. Bax, however, takes a critical attitude toward his hero's notions of social reorganization,—"as if," he says, "society could be voluntarily built up overnight, based on abstract concepts, and finished off in its details by the artistic sense of a few capable leaders." The conclusions of this book are based especially upon the journals and pronunciamentos of Babeuf and the narrative of Buonarroti, a fellow-conspirator. In the study of contemporary public opinion, Mr. Bax might well have used Professor Aulard's excerpts from the reports of the secret police, which would have guarded him against accepting Babeuf's estimate of the strength of his following. The conspiracy seems to have collapsed amid public indifference.

Old Testament resemblances in other literatures.

That the Old Testament possesses many characteristics in common with other ancient oriental literature is clearly evident to any reader of Mr. R. W. Rogers's "Cuneiform Parallels to the Old Testament" (Eaton & Mains). The wide range of its mythological, literary, and historical material is paralleled in a marvellous manner by some of the choicest bits of ancient Sumerian, Assyrian, and Babylonian literature. The creation of man and animals, the clash of good and evil, the stories of the deluge, have their counterpart in the mythology of the early inhabitants of Babylonia. Some of the far-famed mythologies of Greece and Rome are tame and commonplace by the side of the Babylonian myths of Adapa, of Gilgamesh, of Ishtar's descent into Hades, and of Nergal and Ereshkigal. The hymns and prayers of those old Mesopotamean worthies and monarchs rank high in comparison with the psalms and wisdom elements of the Old Testament. They addressed the numerous deities of their pantheon, and have embodied in their prayers the chief attributes and powers of each deity. The chronological material supplied in the Babylonian and Assyrian lists is among the most useful in fixing some of the hitherto aggravating chronology of the Old Testament. But the real wealth of the cuneiform literature for the Old Testament is found in the numerous historical texts reaching from Hammurabi of the first dynasty of Babylon, about 2000 B. C., down to Cyrus, 538 B. C.—a period of nearly 1500 years. Of nearly all the translations, done anew in this volume, we have the transliterations in footnotes, and full references to other treatments of the same text. Forty-eight half-tone plates and a map decorate and vivify the text, and help make this an indispensable new tool for students of the Old Testament.

Spicy breezes from scented isles.

Rambling letters from a wayfarer amid "Scented Isles and Coral Gardens," of Torres Straits, German New Guinea, and the Dutch East Indies, are combined by Mr. C. D. Mackellar with accounts of travel along the Great Barrier Reef of Australia, and sojourns in Singapore, Macao, Hong-Kong, Canton, Shanghai, and Yokahoma. It is the traveller's Orient, with its more or less familiar stories, gathered afloat and ashore, which is here revealed. The picture of life aboard a coasting steamer flying the German flag is a more intimate account, as is also the portrayal of conditions in German New Guinea in 1900, when the colonies were making their first considerable inroads upon the jungle and its head-hunters. The author is evidently a keenly observant traveller, quick to

detect the whims and foibles of his fellow tourists, to criticize the political and industrial policy of Great Britain — or, rather, of the English, for the writer never forgets that he is a Scot,—to commend German enterprise, and to pass his casual comment upon the industrial, commercial, social, and political conditions and prospects of the communities and races with whom he came in contact. A considerable amount of guide-book information finds its way into the book, but this is everywhere enlivened by the colloquial style, or by anecdote, verse, or jest, so that the reader is loth to leave the tale. The illustrations are abundant, and, barring the crudely colored plates, well executed; but the type face and often over-crowded lines detract from the reader's pleasure in the use of the book. (Dutton.)

Revels of a moth-lover.

No insects exhibit more beautiful colors and color patterns than the moths, especially the large night-flying ones; and few animals offer so entrancing a field for the amateur naturalist to pry into the secrets of nature and not only to bring to light worlds of hidden and unsuspected beauty but also to add to the sum of human knowledge. Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter, in her "Moths of the Limberlost" (Doubleday), has rendered both services for these too little-known but very interesting creatures. No one can read her full accounts of her experiences with them, in egg, caterpillar, pupa, and full-blown moth stages, without catching her enthusiasm and straightway wishing for a swamp equalling the Limberlost in its treasures. The illustrations are abundant, though some of the plates of scenery are scarcely germane to the work. The coloration in most of the reproductions of the moths and caterpillars is excellent, although in some instances a certain haziness, due to technique, obscures details. Some crudities should have been eliminated in editing,—as, for example, the use of "organism" for organ, of "close" for close to,—as well as certain grammatical inaccuracies. The author exhibits a fine scorn for the scientist and his shortcomings, and holds a brief for the nature-lover. Her observations are scientifically valuable, however, her narrative is entertaining, her enthusiasm catching, and her revelations so stimulating that one readily forgives some minor defects in bookmaking.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Professor James W. Garner's "Government in the United States, National, State, and Local" (American Book Co.) is a high-school text book of the typical sort. It emphasizes the actual workings of government, and in its "research questions" puts a good many subjects for discussion and argument up to the student.

Before one begins a serious and systematic study of social science he may be helped on his way by a concise sketch which will indicate the general direction he must take and the value of the study in relation to his own activities and interests. But such a sketch is by no means a substitute for scientific investigation of the fundamental principles of economics, sociology, and law. The experience of Mr. William M. Balch, author of "Christianity and the Labor Movement" (Sherman, French & Co.), has enabled him to interpret the subject to religious persons who have not studied it in a systematic way, and he has done his work in a clear and forcible style.

"Modern Drama and Opera" is a reference reading list published by the Boston Book Co., and prepared by Mrs. Clara Norton, Mr. Frank K. Walter, and Miss Fanny Elsie Marquand. Texts and critical reviews are listed upon the following authors: D'Annunzio, Hauptmann, Ibsen, Jones, Maeterlinck, Phillips, Pinero, Rostand, Shaw, Sudermann, Debussy, Puccini, and Richard Strauss.

In a volume styled "The Poet's Song of Poets" (Badger), Mrs. Anna Sheldon Camp Sneath does once more what has been done several times already — collects into an anthology the best-known pieces "in which the poets express their appreciation and estimate of their fellow poets." The subjects of these estimates range through English literature from Chaucer to Browning.

The sixteenth chapter of Dr. C. Alphonso Smith's *Amerikanische Literatur* (already fully reviewed in these columns) is perhaps the most interesting in the entire book. It is a luminous discussion of the structure, philosophy, and history of the American short story. A translation of this chapter into English has been published separately by Messrs. Ginn & Co., and should find a welcome both with general readers and in the college classroom.

Andrew Lang's last book, the history of English literature announced a few days before his death, was fortunately finished before the pen fell from his hand, and proves to be a volume of 700 pages (Longmans), written with the author's characteristic lightness of touch and easy command of his theme, but also with those occasional slight misstatements and questionable judgments which could hardly fail to appear in the pages of so rapid and prolific a writer. His assertion that Emerson is now a dead factor in American literature will evoke quick contradiction from not a few of his readers; and his passing misquotation from Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" will be noted, with other slips of a similar sort, as justifying the "Athenæum" in its recent reference to the demon of inaccuracy that so often sat at his side. But any Dryasdust can give us accuracy of detail; only here and there a writer can charm us into indifference toward such small matters.

Miss Jennette E. C. Lincoln's researches in the open-air revels and games of Old England, and the application of the results of her researches to her work as instructor in physical culture, have well prepared her for the production of "The Festival Book, May-Day Pastimes, and the May Pole" (A. S. Barnes Co.), which will be found exceedingly helpful by all who are trying to make the out-door life of the young healthful and beautiful. The brief introductory chapter gives enough of a historical setting to stimulate interest in this form of pastime; and to the materials derived from England in its pleasure-loving days have been added accounts of some folk dances from Sweden, Scotland, and elsewhere. By means of illustrations, diagrams, music, and minute instructions as to costumes, etc., the beauties and pleasures of the open-air pageant and festival are brought within the possibilities of all.

Notes.

A study of "Modern Italian Literature," by Mr. Lacy Collison-Morley, appears on Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co.'s autumn list.

New volumes of essays by Samuel McChord Crothers, Bliss Perry, Agnes Repplier, John Burroughs, and Meredith Nicholson are an attractive feature of Houghton Mifflin Co.'s autumn list.

Mr. Charles H. Caffin, author of "How to Study Pictures," etc., has been abroad gathering material for his book on "The Story of British Painting," which will be one of the Century Co.'s fall issues.

Yoshio Markino, the author of "A Japanese Artist in London," is writing another volume, "When I Was a Child," which describes his youth in his native country and dwells on the training and education of Japanese children.

Two literary biographies of exceptional interest, to be issued shortly by Houghton Mifflin Co., are "The Three Brontës," by Miss May Sinclair; and the Life and Letters of John Rickman, friend of Charles Lamb, by Mr. Orlo Williams.

Mr. Clayton Sedgwick Cooper has put the fruit of much travel among educational institutions, both in this country and abroad, and of study of college conditions, into a book entitled "Why Go to College," which the Century Co. will issue during the fall.

"London Lavender" is the title of a new novel by Mr. E. V. Lucas, which the Macmillan Co. will publish during the autumn. The same house also announces another of Mr. Lucas's well-known "Wanderer" books — this time "A Wanderer in Florence."

A pocket edition of the romances of Théophile Gautier, as translated and edited by Professor F. C. de Sumichrast, will be published in ten volumes by Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. Uniform with this set will appear Gautier's books of travel, in seven volumes.

A volume of hitherto unpublished letters by Ulysses S. Grant will be issued during the autumn by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. They were written by Grant to his father and his youngest sister during the months preceding the Civil War and during the years of campaigning.

A new novel by Gerhardt Hauptmann, entitled "Atlantis," is announced for early publication by Mr. B. W. Huebsch. At the same time there will be issued by the same publisher Volume I. of an authorized complete edition of Hauptmann's plays, edited by Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn.

To his excellent series of critical studies of modern authors, Mr. Mitchell Kennerley will add five new volumes during the next few months, the subjects and authors being as follows: Thomas Hardy, by Lascelles Abercrombie; Walter Pater, by Edward Thomas; William Morris, by John Drinkwater; A. C. Swinburne, by Edward Thomas; George Gissing, by Frank Swinnerton.

A record of American publishing that should rival in interest Mr. J. Henry Harper's account of "The House of Harper" is announced for autumn issue in "A Memoir of George Palmer Putnam; together with a Record of the Earlier Years of the Publishing House Founded by Him." The author of the work is Mr. George Haven Putnam, the present head of the house of Putnam.

A gift-book possessing something more than transient value and interest is "The Modern Reader's Chaucer," which the Macmillan Co. has in active preparation. The volume will comprise Chaucer's complete poetical works, newly rendered into modern English by Messrs. John S. P. Tatlock and Percy MacKaye. A series of thirty-two full-page illustrations in color will be contributed by Mr. Warwick Goble.

"My Friends at Brook Farm," an illustrated volume of memories by Mr. John Van Der Zee Sears, will be issued this month by Desmond FitzGerald, Inc. The author, one of the few survivors of the Brook Farm Association, gives his personal recollections of his associates in this movement, including such celebrities as Emerson, Hawthorne, Horace Greeley, Margaret Fuller, George Ripley, Charles A. Dana, and many others.

What will undoubtedly prove "the book of the season" is announced by Messrs. Scribner in "The Letters of George Meredith," edited by his son. These letters extend over some fifty years, beginning — except for a few scattered notes from his boyhood — about 1858, when Meredith was thirty years old, and after his first marriage. Among his correspondents are included his life-long friends, John Morley and Admiral Maxse, besides Frederick Greenwood, Chapman the publisher, Leslie Stephen, Robert Louis Stevenson, Trevelyan, and many others, besides a group of family friends and some of the members of his own household.

Topics in Leading Periodicals.

September, 1912.

American Forum, The. French Strother . *World's Work*
American Impressions — VI. Arnold Bennett . *Harper.*
Anglo-American Memories, Some. C. M. Francis. *Bookman.*
Art Schools, Some, and Art Students. Dorothy Furniss . . . . . *Bookman.*
Bryan, Mr. Ellery Sedgwick . . . . . *Atlantic.*
Chicago and Baltimore . . . . . *American.*
Citizen, The Automatic. T. R. Marshall . . . *Atlantic.*
College Life To-Day. R. S. Bourne . . *North American.*
Commission Government, Real Problem of. Oswald Ryan . . . . . *Popular Science.*
Community Control in Canada. E. E. Ferris. *World's Work.*
Compiègne, Enchanting Forest of. Lillie H. French. *Century.*
Confederacy, Sunset of the — VII. Morris Schaff. *Atlantic.*
Continental Visits, Some. Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone . . . . . *Harper.*
Conventions, The Two, at Chicago. R. H. Davis. *Scribner.*
Coöperator's Big Dollar. F. P. Stockbridge. *World's Work.*
Cosmopolitanism and Catholicism. R. H. Benson. *No. Amer.*
Democracy in Europe. S. P. Orth . . . *North American.*
Dreams, New Interpretation of. Samuel McComb. *Century.*
Economic Orthodoxy, Revival of. S. M. Patten. *Pop. Sci.*
Fagan, James O., Autobiography of . . . . . *Atlantic.*
French, The, in the Heart of America. John Finley. *Scribner.*
Hawaii, Holidays in. John Burroughs . . . . *Century.*
High Cost of Living. B. F. Yoakum . . *World's Work.*
Homes, American. Ida M. Tarbell . . . . *American.*
Hookworm and Civilization. W. H. Page. *World's Work.*
Hunger, The Nature of. W. B. Cannon. *Popular Science.*
Ibsen and Company on the Japanese Stage. Yone Noguchi . . . . . *Bookman.*
Imagination in Business, Uses of. T. S. Knowlson. *Century.*
Italian Gardens, Two. M. D. Armstrong . . . *Atlantic.*
Japanese, The. Arthur M. Knapp . . . . . *Atlantic.*
Japan's Late Emperor and His Successor. Adachi Kinnosuke . . . . . *Review of Reviews.*
Johnson, Hiram, Political Revivalist . *Review of Reviews.*
Labor, The Efficiency of. C. B. Going. *Review of Reviews.*
Lang, Andrew. Stuart Henry . . . . . *Bookman.*

Lang, Andrew, and His Work. J. R. Foster. *Rev. of Revs.*
Lincoln, Anecdotes of. Helen Nicolay . . . . *Century.*
Lion-Hunting. Stewart Edward White . . . *American.*
Maregrave, George. E. W. Gudger . . *Popular Science.*
Medicine, Research in. R. M. Pearce. . *Popular Science.*
Memories, Some Early. Henry Cabot Lodge . . *Scribner.*
Meredith, George, Letters of—II. . . . . *Scribner.*
Meses, Wind-Graved, and Their Message. C. R. Keyes . . . . . *Popular Science.*
Munich, Literary. Amelia Von Ende . . . . *Bookman.*
Mutsuhito the Great. W. E. Griffis . . *North American.*
National Contribution, A. Edith Wyatt. *North American.*
New York, Picturesque—III. F. Hopkinson Smith . . . . . *World's Work.*
Orinoco, Upper, Adventuring along the. Caspar Whitney . . . . . *Harper.*
Painter-Etching, American. F. Weitenkampf . *Scribner.*
Panama Canal, The Family and the. Mary G. Humphreys . . . . . *Scribner.*
Party Alignment, Logic of the Coming. Jesse Macy . . . . . *Review of Reviews.*
Peace-Education and Peace. Sir Francis Vane. *American.*
Phantoms behind Us. John Burroughs. *North American.*
Play, a Good—What It Is. Walter P. Eaton . *American.*
Poe, Poet of the Night. La Salle C. Pickett . *Lippincott.*
Political Situation, The. George Harvey. *North American.*
Progressives at Chicago. William Menkel . *Rev. of Revs.*
Publicity and Trusts. Robert Luce . *Review of Reviews.*
Railroads, Regulation of. J. S. Pardee . . . . *American.*
Rhodesia: The Last Frontier. E. A. Powell . . *Scribner.*
Rome, Contemporaneousness of. S. M. Crothers. *Atlantic.*
Roosevelt's Character, Keynote of. B. Gilman. *Rev. of Revs.*
Rural Problem, The, and the Country Minister. J. W. Strout . . . . . *Atlantic.*
Saranac Lake, Sanitary. Stephen Chalmers. *World's Work.*
Science, In the Noon of. John Burroughs . . . *Atlantic.*
Scientific Management, Moral Value of. W. C. Redfield. *Atl.*
Securities of Public Service Corporations. E. S. Meade . . . . . *Lippincott.*
Shakespeare and Others, Translations of. Arthur Benington . . . . . *North American.*
Socialism and the American Farmer. Charles Johnston . . . . . *North American.*
Spirals, Story of the. Edward A. Fath . . . . *Century.*
Sun-Storms and the Earth. E. W. Maunder . . *Harper.*
Teacher of Politics, A Great . . . . *Review of Reviews.*
Telepathy—Is It a Fact or a Delusion? J. B. Quackenbos . . . . . *North American.*
Tennessee Mountains, Literary Life in the. Montrose J. Moses . . . . . *Bookman.*
Trouville—A Paris by the Sea. Harrison Rhodes. *Harper.*
Turgenief: The Man. P. S. Moxom . . *North American.*
Twain, Mark—XI. Albert Bigelow Paine . . . *Harper.*
Vocational Schools. John Mills . . . . *Popular Science.*
Wage-Earners and the Tariff. W. Jett Lauck . *Atlantic.*
West Point, A Plebe's Life at. W. S. Sample. *Lippincott.*
Wilson—Taft—Roosevelt . . . . . *World's Work.*
Working One's Way through College. Joseph Ellner . . . . . *Review of Reviews.*

List of New Books.

[*The following list, containing 55 titles, includes books received by* The Dial *since its last issue.*]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

Fifty Years of Prison Service: An Autobiography. By Zebulon Reed Brockway. Illustrated, 12mo, 437 pages. New York: Charities Publication Committee. $2. net.

The Ruin of a Princess as Told by the Duchess d'Angoulême, Madame Elizabeth, Sister of Louis XVI., and Cléry, the King's Valet de Chambre; literally translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Illustrated in photogravure, 8vo, 329 pages. New York: Lamb Publishing Co. $3. net.

Illustrious Dames of the Court of the Valois Kings. By Pierre de Bourdeille and C. A. Sainte-Beuve; literally translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Illustrated in photogravure, 8vo, 308 pages. New York: Lamb Publishing Co.

The Life and Speeches of Charles Brantley Aycock. By R. D. W. Connor and Clarence Poe. Illustrated, 12mo, 369 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co.

HISTORY.

In Old South Hadley. By Sophie E. Eastman. Illustrated, 8vo, 221 pages. Springfield: H. R. Huntting Co., Inc. $2.50 net.

The Leading Facts of New Mexican History. By Ralph Emerson Twitchell, Esq. Volume II.; illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 631 pages. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press. $6. net.

Ancient Assyria. By C. H. W. Johns, Litt. D. Illustrated, 12mo, 175 pages. "Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature." G. P. Putnam's Sons. 40 cts. net.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

A Mount Holyoke Book of Prose and Verse. Edited by Elizabeth Crane Porter, 1909, and Frances Lester Warner, 1911. 12mo, 176 pages. Cambridge: Riverside Press. $1.35.

Outlines of the History of German Literature. By J. G. Robertson. 12mo, 320 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35 net.

The Hamlet Problem and Its Solution. By Emerson Venable. 12mo, 106 pages. Stewart & Kidd Co. $1. net.

Shakespeare's Richard the Second. Edited, with Introduction and Appendixes, by Henry Newbolt. 12mo, 172 pages. Oxford University Press.

VERSE.

Poems of Love and Death. By John Drinkwater. 12mo, 63 pages. London: David Nutt.

Interpretations: A Book of First Poems. By Zoë Akins. 12mo, 120 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.

FICTION.

A Woman of Genius. By Mary Austin. 12mo, 510 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.35 net.

May Iverson Tackles Life. By Elizabeth Jordan. Illustrated, 12mo, 246 pages. Harper & Brothers. $1.25 net.

Their Yesterdays. By Harold Bell Wright. Illustrated in color, 12mo, 311 pages. Chicago: Book Supply Co. $1.30 net.

My Lady's Garter. By Jacques Futrelle. Illustrated, 12mo, 332 pages. Rand, McNally & Co. $1.35 net.

Where There's a Will. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Illustrated, 12mo, 352 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.30 net.

"C. Q."; or, **In the Wireless House.** By Arthur Train. Illustrated, 12mo, 301 pages. Century Co. $1.20 net.

The Marshal. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. Illustrated, 12mo, 422 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.35 net.

The Moth. By William Dana Orcutt. With frontispiece, 12mo, 335 pages. Harper & Brothers. $1.30 net.

The Woman. By Albert Payson Terhune; founded on William C. de Mille's play of the same name. Illustrated, 12mo, 342 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.25 net.

The Secret of Lonesome Cove. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Illustrated. 12mo, 340 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.25 net.

The Court of St. Simon. By Anthony Partridge. Illustrated, 12mo, 340 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $1.25 net.

The Jingo. By George Randolph Chester. Illustrated, 12mo, 393 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.35 net.

The Red Button. By Will Irwin. Illustrated, 12mo, 370 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.30 net.

The Master of Mysteries: Being an account of the problems solved by Astro, seer of secrets, and his love affair with Valeska Wynne, his assistant. Illustrated, 12mo, 480 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.35 net.

The Prelude to Adventure. By Hugh Walpole. 12mo, 308 pages. Century Co. $1.20 net.

The Gift of Abou Hassan. By Francis Perry Elliott. Illustrated. 12mo, 314 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $1.25 net.

The Midlanders. By Charles Tenney Jackson. Illustrated, 12mo, 386 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.35 net.

His Uncle's Wife. By Ruth Neuberger. 12mo, 175 pages. New York: Alice Harriman Co. $1. net.

Miss 318 and Mr. 37. By Rupert Hughes. Illustrated, 12mo, 128 pages. Fleming H. Revell Co. 75 cts. net.

Scuffles. By Sally Nelson Robins. Illustrated, 12mo, 207 pages. New York: Alice Harriman Co. $1. net.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

The Courts, The Constitution and Parties: Studies in Constitutional History and Politics. By Andrew C. McLaughlin. 12mo, 299 pages. University of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.

Woman in Modern Society. By Earl Barnes. 12mo, 257 pages. B. W. Huebsch. $1.25 net.

SCIENCE.

Outlines of Evolutionary Biology. By Arthur Dendy, F.R.S. Illustrated, 8vo. D. Appleton & Co. $3.50 net.

A Popular Guide to Minerals. By L. P. Gratacap, A.M. Illustrated. 8vo, 320 pages. D. Van Nostrand Co. $3. net.

Microbes and Toxins. By Dr. Etienne Burnet; with Preface by Elie Metchinkoff; translated from the French by Dr. Charles Brouquet and W. M. Scott, M.D. Illustrated, 8vo, 316 pages. "Science Series." G. P. Putnum's Sons. $2. net.

New or Little Known Titanotheres from the Lower Uintah Formations. By Elmer S. Riggs. Illustrated, 8vo, 41 pages. Chicago: Field Museum of Natural History. Paper.

RELIGION.

Egypt to Canaan; or, Lectures on the Spiritual Meanings of the Exodus. By A. H. Tuttle. 12mo, 286 pages. Eaton & Mains. $1. net.

The Apostles' Creed. By Henry Wheeler. 12mo, 200 pages. Eaton & Mains. 75 cts. net.

EDUCATION.

Plane Geometry. By William Betz, A.M., and Harrison E. Webb, A.B. 12mo, 332 pages. Ginn & Co. $1. net.

The Revised English Grammar: A New Edition of "The Elements of English Grammar." By Alfred S. West, M.A. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 60 cts. net.

Sources of Interest in High School English. By C. Edward Jones. Ph.D. 12mo, 144 pages. American Book Co. 80 cts.

The Kipling Reader for Elementary Grades. Illustrated, 12mo, 157 pages. D. Appleton & Co.

North and South America (Exclusive of the United States). By William Rabenort, Ph.D. Illustrated, 12mo, 230 pages. American Book Co. 50 cts. net.

Europe. By William Rabenort, Ph.D. Illustrated, 12mo, 231 pages. American Book Co. 50 cts. net.

Laboratory Manual in General Science. By Bertha M. Clark, Ph.D. Illustrated, 12mo, 96 pages. American Book Co. 40 cts. net.

Peter and Polly in Summer. By Rose Lucia. Illustrated, 12mo, 144 pages. American Book Co. 35 cts. net.

Latin Drill and Composition. By Ernest D. Daniels, Ph.D. 12mo, 112 pages. D. C. Heath & Co.

The Holbrook Reader for Primary Grades. By Florence Holbrook. Illustrated, 12mo, 104 pages. Chicago: Ainsworth & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Dramatic Festival: A Consideration of the Lyrical Method as a Factor in Preparatory Education. By Anne A. T. Craig; with a foreword by Percival Chubb and Introduction by Peter W. Dykenna. 12mo, 263 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

The Gates of Knowledge, with an additional chapter entitled Philosophy and Theosophy. By Rudolf Steiner. Authorized translation from the German. 12mo, 187 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

Naples, City of Sweet-Do-Nothing. By an American Girl. 12mo, 319 pages. New York: Alice Harriman Co. $1.35 net.

A. L. A. Catalog, 1904-1911: Class List; 3000 titles for a popular library, with notes and indexes. Edited by Elva L. Bascom. 8vo, 350 pages. Chicago: American Library Association Publishing Board. $1.50.

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